THE
NATION

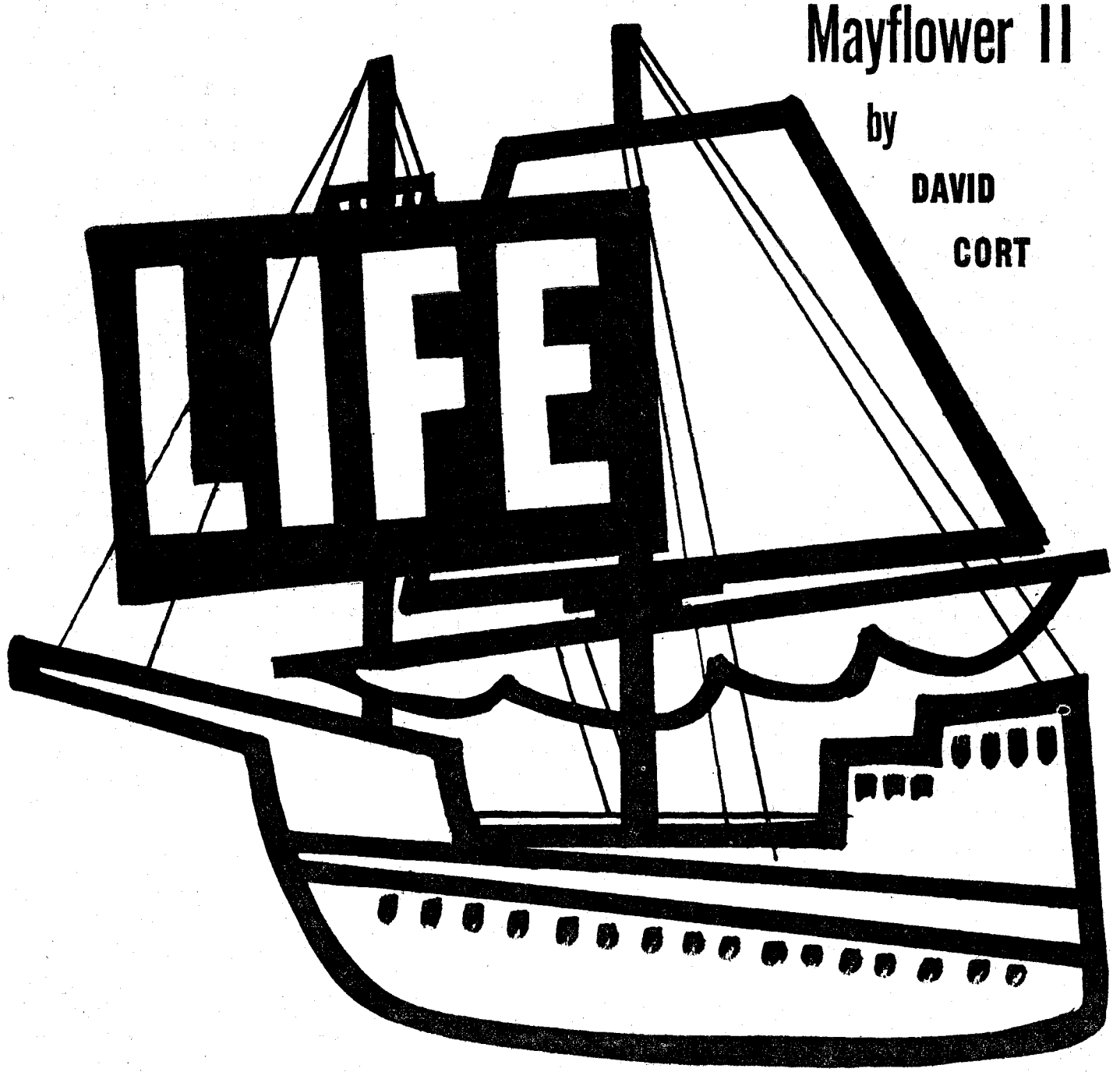
AUGUST 3, 1957 . . 25c

Mayflower II

by

DAVID

CORT



The Galindez Case . . . by Fred J. Cook

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LETTERS

Feuchtwanger on Brecht

Dear Sirs: I was very happy to find one of Bertolt Brecht's short stories in your magazine. [*See The Heretic's Coat, issue of June 8.*] It seems to me that America, unlike the rest of the world, is rather slow to recognize Brecht's significance. Therefore I feel that your venture to print one of his stories is the more deserving of praise.

The translation was excellent. Brecht's style, despite its apparent simplicity, is full of depth and rather tricky to transpose into another language; in this case, the translator measured up to the author.

LION FEUCHTWANGER

Pacific Palisades, California

[*The translator was Helmut W. Bonheim, a resident of Vienna, who has done articles of his own for* The Nation. — *Ed.*]

Gubernatorial Comment

Dear Sirs: Thank you for the copy of the June 15 issue of *The Nation* containing the article by Mary Freeman about Sarasota. While there is a great deal of truth to her criticisms, which are applicable to other areas of the nation where communities are experiencing rapid growth and development, I feel sure Miss Freeman would agree that this is not the entire story of what is going on in Sarasota or the rest of Florida. We here are not blindly pursuing a "bigger and better" spree. I have been very much concerned lest Florida, now the fastest-growing major state in America, permit its growth and development to destroy the natural resources and other advantages which are so instrumental in attracting people here in the first place.

It is my ambition to help Florida to become the very finest place in the nation in which to live, work, play and raise a family. I believe this goal can be illustrated best by the recommendations I made to the 1957 legislature, most of which were enacted. One of the finest achievements of the legislature was the enactment of a statewide procedure for regulating the development of the 16,000,000 acres of state-owned submerged land in the public interest. Two of the biggest disappointments were the legislature's failure to provide a constitutional amendment which would enable Florida communities to take advantage of the federal urban renewal program and legislation for uniform county planning and zoning. However, I am calling a special constitutional revision session later in the year in which we will have a fresh opportunity to obtain such an amendment.

LEROY COLLINS
Governor

Tallahassee, Florida

Farben on the Potomac

Dear Sirs: I refer to the excellent article by Mr. Toffler, Farben on the Potomac, in your June 22 issue. Mr. Toffler's reference to the "slick lobby" on Capitol Hill representing the West German interests, and his description of the German propaganda organization called the "Society for Promotion of the Protection of Foreign Investments" headed by Hermann Abs, touches on a point which ought to be of interest to all, but goes completely unnoticed by most legislators and most of the press.

The recent recombining and emergence of the two powerful German banks, the *Suddeutsche Bank,* headed by Mr. Abs, and the *Dresdner Bank,* headed by Carl Goetz, poses a real threat to the world. These two banking cartels, controlling much of Germany's heavy industry, were broken up by the Allies after the war to lessen the German military potential. Recently they have recombined, more powerful than ever, with the approval of our government. In 1947, the Military Governor of the U.S. Zone in Germany prepared a special report on the activities of the two banks and the power which they held and used so destructively during the National Socialist years. On page 8 of the report appears this interesting statement: "The political connections of the *Deutsche* and *Dresdner* banks were further strengthened by means of close personal contacts maintained by leading banking figures with outstanding political leaders in the Third Reich. Carl Goetz, the most important personality of the *Dresdner Bank* during the Nazi regime, stood on terms of intimate friendship with Fritz Sauckel, Director of the German slave-labor program, who was executed in 1946 as a war criminal." On page 3 it is stated: "The *Dresdner Bank* distinguished itself especially by utilizing its close ties with the SS and by exercising political duress in effecting aryanization."

An inquiry to the Pentagon concerning a copy of this report will get you nowhere; somewhere, somehow, it simply has dropped out of sight, perhaps because it paints too accurate a picture of the two reconstituted banks and their leaders, Mr. Abs and Mr. Goetz. Both men are founders and directors of the "Society for Promotion of the Protection of Foreign Investments," which is avowedly dedicated to protect "the sanctity of private property."

It is interesting to note the great

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Big Sneeze

In a remarkable speech on the Galindez case and its impact on American policy in Latin America (see Fred J. Cook's article, page 43), Representative Charles O. Porter has raised some pertinent questions:

> What emboldened the tyrant of a tiny Caribbean nation to believe he could commit crimes on the soil of the United States and upon U.S. citizens with impunity?
>
> What made Trujillo think he could, literally, get away with murder?
>
> What encouraged him to spread a net of terror within the United States, terror which Edward R. Murrow so remarkably depicted recently in a nation-wide broadcast using only the voices of those persons involved?
>
> Why did our Department of State deal politely and lightly with a vicious Western Hemisphere tyrant caught red-handed in a bloody crime against an American citizen?

His answer, in brief, is that "hemispheric defense against international communism demands close cooperation among all the American governments, regardless of the internal nature of these governments." He was so assured—by high State Department officials as well as by his colleagues in Congress. He was told, too, that Latin America insisted on a policy of non-intervention. But a recent visit to several Latin American capitals convinced him that these assurances were bogus. Again and again he was told, by responsible Latin American spokesmen, that our policy of dealing with despots constitutes a form of *de facto* interference. "It is a common saying in Latin America," he reports, "that when the United States sneezes, Latin America catches cold." Dictators have seized upon this weakness in our policy to enhance their prestige; with them "anti-communism" is a racket. For the danger in Latin America is subversion, not invasion, and the defense must be political, economic and social, not military.

As "the big sneeze" in the Western Hemisphere, we should take both the Murphy and Galindez cases to the Organization of the American States and request a full investigation by that body. One does not need to prejudge the Ernst-Munson investigation; the investigators have prejudged it themselves. Mr. Ernst concedes that his association with the Dominican Republic falls within the privileged relation of lawyer and client and he has fulfilled Department of Justice regulations by registering as a foreign agent.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

As already announced, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks during July and August. The next issue will be that of August 17.

The Peace of Death

Port-au-Prince, Haiti

Speaking of the apparent calm here after the massacre of June 15, Carleton Beals (*The Nation,* July 20) compared it to the peace of death. It was not a forced image, for weeks have passed since the "restoration of order" in the streets, and the funereal aspect of the city has barely changed. Meanwhile, at the airport (not far from the paupers' graves where the victims of the army of Haiti are rotting) there seem to be signs of a new lease on life, thanks to the clumsy niceties of the Bureau of Tourism, which is serving rum and coffee to transient travelers while a night club orchestra blithely grinds out dance tunes for them.

But while General Kébreau, head of the ruling *junta,* thus puts up a Potemkin show for the benefit of foreigners, the real nature of his regime is revealed by the following proclamation, issued on July 3 by the Department of Interior and National Defense:

> All the political formulas tested since December having given no positive results, the Army of Haiti has had to take the reins of power on June 14 to save the country from anarchy.
>
> To work in the climate of peace indispensable to the management of the public service and to forestall an imminent repetition of the acts of violence

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recently perpetrated, strong measures have proved necessary. The Army has therefore proclaimed a state of siege over the entire territory of the Republic.

So that all may know, this Institution believes it indispensable to point out that this measure, imposed by circumstances, suspends temporarily the enforcement of ordinary laws, and arms the Military Authority with all the Powers with which the Civil Authority is invested for the maintenance of Order.

Consequently, under the jurisdiction of the Military Courts come crimes and misdemeanors against the Safety of the State, against public peace and order, whatever the status of the authors and accomplices; even crimes and misdemeanors against persons and property are subject to Military Jurisdiction if the Authority judges necessary.

The Military Authority is invested with the right to search BY DAY OR NIGHT the homes of citizens, to remove any individual who does not have his residence in the territory under the state of siege, to forbid publications and meetings which it judges disturbing to the Public Peace. In a word, it can take all measures necessary to restore ORDER and PEACE as a prerequisite to the promulgation of the Decree for the holding of elections.

If "all the political formulas tested since December [have] given no positive results," it is because—as Mr. Beals pointed out—the army, by its endless intrigues, maneuvered to make them fail. If "acts of violence [were] perpetrated" by Fignolé's partisans, it is because since 1946 these organized mobs never became active without the tacit or open consent of the army, which found it advantageous to intimidate the Haitian "bourgeois" at given times. And if the repetition of these acts of violence seemed "imminent," it is because, after having duped the followers of Fignolé (by bringing him to power and then brutally deporting him), and repressing in blood the vehement protest that followed, the army had other reasons to fear for the safety of the shameless regime of abuse and graft which it has imposed on the country for ten years, and because it was uneasy about the growing popular support for the presidential candidacy of Louis Déjoie.

Thus the *junta* smooths out the road leading to the presidency, and General Kébreau will be able to "elect," in peace and order, any one of the puppets whose strings he holds (Duvallier, Jumelle or the stooge of Trujillo, Luc Fouché), unless finally he pushes them all aside in favor of the dark horse he is secretly holding in reserve, the young and most ambitious Major André Faraud.

In the meantime, respectable citizens are daily summoned to Police Headquarters, and the torture chambers are working full time.

L. B.

The author is a Haitian writer whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld.

Pacificist "Murderers"

It is the strange belief of a handful of pacifists in New York City that the atom bomb and its continued testing and development are insane and immoral. Since this handful contains a few of the souls left among us who connect their beliefs with the action of their daily lives, they have for the past three years refused to participate in the annual civil defense mock atom-bomb air raid drill in New York. Our society's courts have sentenced these people to prison terms, last year of five days and this year of thirty days.

The first year this took place, one of the magistrates called the pacifists "murderers." This year Magistrate Walter Bayer called them "a bunch of individuals who breathe contempt of the law." Dorothy Day, one of those individuals, wrote in 1955 at the time of the first action that "We make this demonstration not only to voice our opposition to war, not only to refuse to participate in psychological warfare, which this air raid drill is, but also as an act of public penance for having been the first people in the world to drop the atom bomb, to make the hydrogen bomb." It is a terrifying and inescapable comment on our society that we deal with the author of those lines by placing her in the Women's House of Detention for a prison term. On the outside, we sane and lawful citizens endorse by our silence the making of bigger and better bombs that can destroy a civilization.

Dick Nixon Delivers

Vice President Nixon has again demonstrated his remarkable talent for television soap opera. There were those who said that his famous performance from Los Angeles on September 23, 1952, was merely the brilliant tour de force of a gifted amateur who, under great personal stress, rose to the occasion. But the Vice President's performance at the Billy Graham meeting at Yankee Stadium on July 20 was even more brilliant. This time he lacked the suspense of teetering on a moral tightrope, and he took no time to rehearse. He could not refer to Pat Nixon, "my wife sitting over there," or to Patricia and Julie, or his wife's "respectable Republican cloth coat," or the life insurance policies he did *not* have on "Pat, Patricia and Julie"; nor could he work in a reference to Checkers, the black-and-white cocker spaniel. This time he had to go on without props, make-up, floor-markings or script. All the same it was the performance of a virtuoso, one that should earn him the title of King of the Soap Opera Hams. Once again he was Dick Nixon, the All-American Boy, wholesome, corny, "sincere," telling plain little jokes to make the oldsters smile, with eyes that twinkled when he spoke of golf and gazed far, far aloft when he mentioned God. He was pure folks.

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GALINDEZ: The Riddle of the Mystery . . *by Fred J. Cook*

DR. JESUS DE GALINDEZ, the Columbia University instructor whose disappearance created an international cloak-and-dagger mystery, stands today as a challenging double symbol. To the dictatorial Trujillo regime in the misnamed Dominican Republic, he is an avenging ghost taking a toll in drastically-cut tourist revenues. To Americans who still believe in democracy, he is the protagonist of deep-seated and disquieting issues, for the demands of simple justice have revealed the curious fact that many officials and many leaders of our society defend, and many more blandly condone, the ruthless Trujillo dictatorship. And this they do despite a well-exposed web of intrigue and murder.

For instance, the U.S. State Department is making angry noises and asking the Dominican Government to induce one of its diplomatic agents, Arturo R. Espaillat, former consul general in New York, to waive diplomatic immunity and submit himself to questioning because evidence indicates he was linked to the Galindez plot. The State Department's action, taken May 2, sounded vigorous and forthright in the accounts of it given to the American press on May 30.

WHAT wasn't disclosed was that the Department didn't move against Espaillat until weeks after it had become known that he was leaving the country. Nor was it disclosed that the State Department's stiff-sounding note to the Dominicans fell exactly midway between two oddly-contrasting events. On the night of April 30, Arturo Espaillat was a distinguished and honored guest at a high-level Republican Party dinner in New York, sitting cheek-by-jowl with Leonard W. Hall, former chairman of the Republican National Committee. On May 2, came the State Department's demand for the testimony of Hall's dinner partner. And on May 4, obviously before diplomats in Ciudad Trujillo could have been expected to reply, Espaillat left our borders.

This significant timing, this blatant fraternization with a foreign agent whom the State Department publicly labels as suspect, is just one of the more startling manifestations of the Trujillo love-virus that afflicts prominent Americans, Democrats and Republicans alike.

HOW DOES a dictator who rules just one-half of a West Indian island develop such influence in what we like to think of as the greatest democracy on earth? What is the source of this all-pervasive magic that conciliates the influential even as it menaces the helpless?

Answers to these and many other questions are to be found in hitherto untold facts about the kidnaping by air of Dr. Galindez and the subsequent murder in the Dominican Republic of the young American who flew him to his doom, Gerald Lester Murphy. To understand it all, one has to understand the background.

Dr. Galindez, forty-two, was a Basque lawyer and scholar who had fought for Loyalist forces in Spain against Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Later he had sought sanctuary in the Dominican Republic. He had been for a time the tutor of the children of the Dominican dictator, Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo Molina. He had learned that Trujillo's dictatorship was even more ruthless than Franco's and he had fled to the United States.

In New York, Dr. Galindez achieved success and made himself known as one of the most bitter and implacable foes of the Dominican dictator. He lectured on Latin American affairs at Columbia University; he became a consultant for American law firms on complicated issues of international law; he wrote anti-Trujillo articles for the Spanish-language press, and he completed the manuscript of *The Era of Trujillo*, a massive thesis that was to win him his Doctor of Philosophy degree at Columbia. Then, on the night of March 12, 1956, Dr. Galindez waved good-by to one of his students, walked into a Columbus Circle subway kiosk and disappeared.

In the wake of his disappearance, Trujillo spokesmen in New York ridiculed the idea that the Dominican dictator could be involved. They pointed out that the Dominican Government was spending millions of dollars to promote a lavish international fair designed to attract foreign visitors—and that kidnaping and murder would be the very worst publicity. Why would Trujillo do such a thing? they asked.

For months, this remained a good question, but now, from anti-Trujillo refugees in New York, there comes what seems to be a logical answer. These Dominicans, many of whom go in daily fear of their lives on the streets of America's greatest city, dwell in a shadowland of intrigue, of plot and counter-plot. Information they have given New York detectives and FBI agents often has proved startlingly accurate; sometimes it has even anticipated events. When, therefore, they offer a solution to this mystery of motive, they speak against a background of proven credibility.

Dr. Galindez, these Dominicans assert, became a personal obsession of Trujillo, not because of his political attacks on the regime, but because he cast doubt upon the purity of the Trujillo bloodline.

The loves of the dictator and the personal peccadilloes of his family are dealt with in scholarly fashion in *The Era of Trujillo*, but Dr. Galindez, in articles for the Spanish-language magazine *Bohemia* and political pamphlets written for the Dominican Revolutionary Party, really took the wraps off his style. In an English and Spanish bulletin dated July, 1955, and distributed by the Dominican revolutionaries, he wrote:

> If kingship be measured by the rules of succession of the bastard kings of France and Aquitaine, Senor Trujillo and his son could be emperors. For a study of the Trujillo family tree reveals a thick-sprouting underbrush of illegitimacy. This re-

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FRED J. COOK, a reporter on a New York daily, specializes in crime stories.

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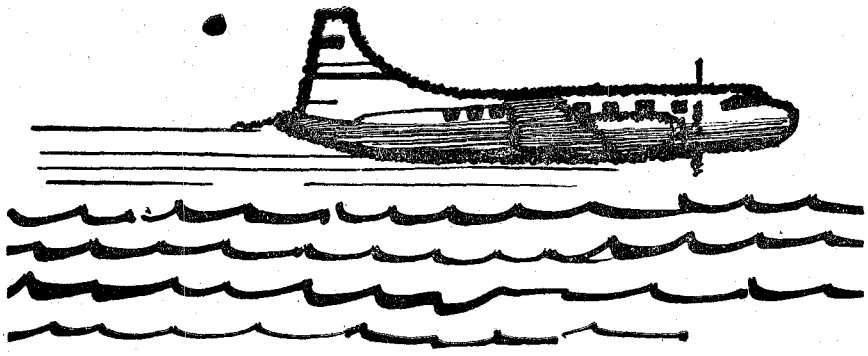

markable absence of marriage evidence in the genealogy of Trujillo has just been uncovered by an outstanding authority on Latin American politics, while doing research on a forthcoming book.

Perhaps to make up for the lack of marriages in previous generations, Rafael Trujillo has entered into legal wedlock with three women. It is a matter of urgent regret to some that not all of these marriages synchronized accurately with the births of the respective offspring.

Dr. Galindez added that the Generalissimo's son and heir, Rafael, Jr., known as Ramfis, was born in 1929, when both his father and mother were married to others.

The timing is the thing that is said to have made the attack especially infuriating to Trujillo. True, he was trying to lure well-heeled tourists to the Dominican Republic by his huge international fair, but he was also using the fair to glorify the royal family, to create an almost holy image of dynasty to perpetuate his name. Word filtering back from Ciudad Trujillo was that Trujillo crumpled the pamphlet in his fist and shouted, "This bandit will eat the paper I hold in my hand!"

FROM that moment, New York Dominicans assert, Dr. Galindez was doomed. "If Galindez had limited himself to a political criticism of Trujillo," one of them said, "Trujillo could have been satisfied to have him killed in New York as has been done in other cases. But when Galindez attacked Trujillo on his most sensitive point, his family, the affront became a personal one that had to be avenged personally. This is the reason for the complicated plot to fly Galindez into the Dominican Republic instead of simply killing him."

So intricate was the web of conspiracy that it might never have been unraveled except for another murder. On December 3, 1956, a flier, Gerald Lester Murphy, twenty-three, of Eugene, Oregon, was done to death in the Dominican Republic. His car was found parked on a high cliff above the sea. The official Dominican version was that Murphy had made an indecent proposal to a fellow airline pilot, Octavio de la Maza, and that de la Maza, his manhood outraged, had knocked Murphy over the cliff. Remorse then had overcome de la Maza and he had hanged himself in his prison cell after obligingly writing a suicide note describing his deed.

When FBI agents began to check into this suspiciously pat story, they found the skeins of an incredible intrigue unraveling in their hands. They found that Murphy, who had gone to Miami in December, 1955, as a penniless aeronautical draftsman, had suddenly developed such affluence that he could pay cash for an expensive new convertible. They found that he had told friends of a mysterious flight he had made into the Dominican Republic in March, 1956, carrying "an invalid" who had been borne to his plane on a stretcher. They found that Murphy had identified this "invalid" to his fiancée, Celia (Sally) Caire, a Pan American airlines stewardess, as Dr. Galindez.

Checking back on Murphy's trail, FBI agents learned that he had walked into New Jersey's Linden Airport on the morning of March 5, 1956. He was accompanied by an Air Force serviceman, a technician whose advice he wanted in picking out a plane capable of flying a group of sport-loving business men to Miami. Murphy and his adviser selected a twin-engined Beechcraft belonging to Trade Ayer, Inc., and arranged for a month's charter.

The charter price was $800, and Murphy paid cash, identifying a "Joe Frank" as the man who put up the money. From Linden, Murphy flew the Beech into Staten Island where, on March 11, extra gas tanks were installed. The following day Murphy landed his plane at Newark Airport, listed his destination as Miami, and took off again. But instead of flying South, he flew East, bringing his craft down at Zahn's Airport at Amityville, L. I. There he waited all day and far into the night until an ambulance arrived with the supposed "invalid."

THE NEXT development is one of the phases of the mystery that, until now, has never been explained. Murphy was next seen early on the morning of March 13, when he landed at Miami's Tamiami Airport ostensibly seeking to refuel. Airport attendants told him the gas pumps were not open so early, and Murphy flew on to Lantana Airport near West Palm Beach, where he purchased gas. The oddity of the maneuver lay in the fact that it wasn't necessary. Arrangements had been made days in advance, by a mysterious telephone call from New York, for Murphy to refuel at Lantana early on the morning of March 13. Why, then, had he made the extra stop at Tamiami?

The answer apparently is to be found in the machinations of one of Trujillo's master agents who, if he had succeeded completely, would have had a second "invalid" waiting for Murphy at the Miami field.

This master intriguer, whose right name was probably Jesus Martinez Jara, was known widely as El Cojo, the Lame One. He walked with a limp, had a cast in one eye, and wherever he went, murder almost inevitably followed. In the summer and fall of 1955, El Cojo began to wander through the Caribbean toward the American mainland, playing the out-of-character role of a Trujillo agent who at last had found religion and a conscience.

On November 22, 1955, El Cojo called on Dr. Galindez. The Colum-

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bia University scholar described the incident in a letter he wrote that night to Dr. Angel Morales, his friend and correspondent in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He concluded his letter by saying: "I have reinforced the locks on my apartment; I am inclined to advise you to do the same for all of yours."

THE ADVICE was sound. Dr. Morales, for nearly thirty years, had been one of the most important of the anti-Trujillo leaders. In the 1920s, he had been one of the Western world's most brilliant diplomats. He had been vice president of the League of Nations. Later, until Trujillo seized power in 1930, he had been Dominican Minister to Washington. In 1935, Trujillo plotters had tried to murder him in New York, but had shot down instead his secretary, Sergio Béncosme.

Now, just at the time the Galindez plot was building to fruition, Dr. Morales suddenly found himself the object of the intense affections of El Cojo. A young Cuban, Orestes Portales Carosco, has given the FBI an affidavit detailing how he met El Cojo in a Miami cafe in early March and how El Cojo told him he had been hired by Trujillo to assassinate Dr. Galindez and "one other."

The "other man" who was to have been assassinated has never been identified publicly, but there can be little doubt that he was Dr. Morales. El Cojo had been trying hard to persuade Dr. Morales to leave San Juan and come to Miami to meet him in March.

"I understand that you might be suspicious of me because of past performances, but I tell you you're wrong," Dr. Morales quotes El Cojo as having said. "I want to do some good. I want to talk this over with you personally. Couldn't you come to Florida to meet me?"

Dr. Morales wisely stayed in Puerto Rico, and so Dr. Galindez was flown alone into the Dominican Republic. Gerald Lester Murphy's role in this fantastic kidnaping by air ended when he landed his plane at Montecristi Airport, on the north coast of the republic. There, according to Dominican sources, a second plane piloted by Octavio de la Maza was waiting. Dr. Galindez was transferred and flown by de la Maza to Ciudad Trujillo.

The last chapter has been told in *Hemispherica*, the bi-monthly bulletin of the Inter-American Association for Freedom and Democracy, one of whose leaders is Norman Thomas. *Hemispherica*, quoting Dominican sources, said: "He (Dr. Galindez) was then carried directly to one of the *fincas* of Trujillo, outside the capital. There, according to this version, Trujillo himself attacked Galindez, beat him, and then turned him over to some of his trusted thugs for a few days of torture, before he was killed."

SUCH IS the history of this international, cloak-and-dagger plot. What concerns many Americans now is the question: What is going to be done about it?

This much has been accomplished: The State Department, refusing to accept the Trujillo fantasy of Murphy's murder and de la Maza's suicide, asked to see the original suicide note. This was examined carefully by FBI experts and pronounced a forgery. A grand jury investigation, which still goes on, was launched in Washington. This, so far, has produced just one indictment: John Joseph Frank, a former FBI and Central Intelligence agent, whose name appears on airport records as the charterer of the Galindez plane, has been accused of acting as an unregistered Trujillo agent.

Trujillo's foes know that his agents still operate with impunity inside our borders; that they pose a very real threat to the lives of Dominicans and native-born Americans alike. Yet President Eisenhower himself, on June 3, welcomed the new Dominican Ambassador to the White House with every appearance of cordiality.

The real issues of the Galindez-Murphy case are drawn in this contrast—the grim reality of the terrorist; the bland acceptance of Trujillo on high levels.

There are many indications of the reality of Trujillo terrorism. For example, after *Life* magazine first revealed the interwoven threads of the Galindez-Murphy mysteries in its issue of February 21, reporters tried to locate Murphy's fiancée. They got no help from District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of New York because, a Hogan spokesman said, the FBI was so concerned for Miss Caire's safety that it had asked even Hogan not to go near her or attempt to question her for fear of disclosing her identity and whereabouts.

In May, Edward R. Murrow, in an hour-long radio documentary, emphasized the same element of terror still working inside America's borders. He disclosed that fifty persons to whom his reporters had talked had refused to have their voices taped for fear they might be recognized.

Even more graphic was the experience of Representative Charles O. Porter, of Eugene, Oregon. His is virtually the only voice that has been raised against Trujillo in Congress. After he attacked Trujillo, he found it necessary to apply for a gun permit, and as he revealed in the June issue of *Coronet*, he was advised by Washington police that "being a Congressman was no insurance against the peril I faced."

Yet when Representative Porter demanded a Congressional investigation of the Murphy case, he stood practically alone; Congressman after Congressman rose to denounce him. His own majority leader in the House, Representative John McCormack, of Massachusetts, was about to accept a medal from Trujillo, and when Porter protested to him, McCormack wrote this acid reply: "Your criticism of me is more than presumptuous. It is obnoxious."

What is the secret of this great, over-riding Trujillo influence? It obviously has two facets—money and propaganda. The money buys friends and favors; the propaganda paints Trujillo as America's staunch ally in the battle against communism.

Let's look at the way Trujillo uses money. It is no secret that he has spent literally millions on publicity and advertising. Full-page ads inviting Americans to visit the beautiful Dominican Republic do not exactly offend newspaper publishers. Nor do airline junkets for newspaper executives alienate those who are wined and dined in Ciudad Trujillo.

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As his legal representatives in America, Trujillo hires only the best names and really lays out the cash. One of these spokesmen—until February 28, when political pressure forced him to sever the tie—was Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who evidently considered a retainer of $60,000 a year ample justification for representing Trujillo.

Roosevelt's former law partner in Washington, William Patrick Clark, who also has Franco as a client, continued with the Trujillo account. Porter described, in a New York speech in March, how he had challenged Clark directly on this score and how Clark had insisted that anyone is entitled to counsel, the character of the government makes no difference. "Yet when I questioned him if he would accept a similar arrangement from a Soviet-bloc country, he protested that of course he would not," Porter said.

This blending of Trujillo money and Trujillo professions of anti-communism into a great "love that man" theme song probably was never more graphically illustrated than in the Republican Party dinner in New York on April 30.

Life, in its exposé of February 21, was the first to focus a spotlight on Arturo Espaillat as a possible key figure in the Galindez mystery. The consul general had denied knowing Murphy, but *Life* reproduced a picture the pilot had mailed to his parents in which he had picked Espaillat out of a group photograph and written this identification: "My friend here, General Espaillat, now Consulate Gen. in New York." Subsequent inquiries showed that Murphy had boasted to friends that he knew Espaillat well. He had claimed that it was Espaillat who had got him his position with the Dominican airline after he had delivered Galindez to Trapillo. Belated confirmation of all this came from the State Department in its May 2 note, in which the department pointed out that Espaillat's name had cropped up many times in the investigation.

YET from February 21 to May 2, when Espaillat was already almost out of the country, not only was no move made against him, but he continued to be welcomed in the very best of circles. Proof is to be found in the expensive banquet program printed for the April 30 shindig in the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of New York's new Attorney General, Louis J. Lefkowitz. To this brochure, the Dominican Republic contributed four pages of gold-leaf advertising bearing the legend: "Visit the Fair of Peace and Brotherhood in the Free World." No other contributor to the party war chest felt wealthy enough to buy more than a single page. A Republican publicity agent admitted, off the cuff, that the four pages probably cost the Dominicans some $2,000. No other foreign government took such advertising. No other foreign diplomat was present. But Arturo Espaillat was seated on Dais A. Among his table companions were some of the biggest names in the Republican Party. Besides Leonard Hall, they included: J. Russel Sprague, the Nassau County Republican leader and political godfather of Thomas E. Dewey; Dewey himself; Thomas J. Curran, New York County Republican chairman and a powerful state leader; U.S. Senator Jacob K. Javits; U.S. Attorney Paul W. Williams; Senate Majority Leader Walter J. Mahoney; Assembly Speaker Oswald D. Heck; Assembly Majority Leader Joseph R. Carlino; Republican State Chairman L. Judson Morhouse; and, of course, Attorney General Lefkowitz.

The State Department's request for Espaillat's testimony was received with stony silence in Trujillo-land. Instead of cooperating with the official U.S. investigation, Trujillo on July 20 spent $60,000 to hire the public relations firm of Sydney S. Baron for a publicity campaign designed to achieve "a generally better understanding" with the American people. Baron had been the hired tub-thumper for Carmine De Sapio and Tammany Hall, but his new client so embarrassed Governor Harriman, Mayor Wagner and De Sapio, his "closest and dearest friend," that four days after Trujillo's announcement Baron was forced to give up his Democratic account.

With an additional $50,000, also supplied by Trujillo, Baron retained Morris L. Ernst, the noted liberal lawyer, to conduct an "impartial" investigation into the Galindez mystery. And, finally, Trujillo put up $100,000 to finance the expenses of the Ernst investigation. Baron is to disburse the $100,000 and to provide the investigators with offices cosily situated in his own office building at 515 Madison Avenue. Ernst engaged a former New York Supreme Court Justice, William H. Munson, to help him mastermind the inquiry.

Not many persons with intimate knowledge of the case have much faith in a Trujillo-financed investigation into Trujillo's conduct. When the accused evades official inquiries and sets up his own private investigation in competition with representatives of the law, the results are suspect before the probe is started. This was the view expressed by Representative Porter, who paid respect to the reputations of Morris Ernst and Justice Munson, then added that "they would be the first to say that a fair judgment could not come from a tribunal in the pay of the defendant."

AND could it have been that the Ernst-Munson investigation, so-called, was prompted by the realization that Porter intended to suggest, and did in fact propose on July 18, that the Murphy and Galindez cases be submitted to the Organization of American States for investigation?

Even as Trujillo's Morris Ernst-Sydney Baron publicity play was announced, Porter was struggling manfully in Washington, and making little headway, against the entrenched power of Trujillo's millions. On July 19, he also introduced an amendment to the 1957 Mutual Security Act which would have given priority in the granting of American aid to those Latin American nations having democratic governments. The amendment was crushed by a vote of 176 to 4—just four votes for even this mild profession of faith in democracy!

It is such developments, coupled with the disinguished treatment of Espaillat, that make one wonder on what level we are pressing the Galindez-Murphy investigation, the low or the high. Do we mean it or are we just going through the motions, giving lip service to democracy?

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LIFE Aboard the Mayflower . . *by David Cort*

IT WAS A fine dream, crazy as all dreams of reliving the past. The dream was to do the Pilgrim immigration bit all over again, from Plymouth to Plymouth, on a replica of the *Mayflower,* that foundation of Yankee genealogy. Just on the name *Mayflower,* the thing was pre-sold—a natural that couldn't miss.

Perhaps the first false note was that it was two English public-relations men who had the dream, in 1952. The English have a genius for relieving their past, but the *Mayflower* is the American past, wrapped in three centuries of kindly English scorn. Of course a real anniversary for the *Mayflower*, the 350th, would come in 1970, but by then the Americans would have thought of it themselves. Warwick Charlton and John Lowe, didn't dare wait.

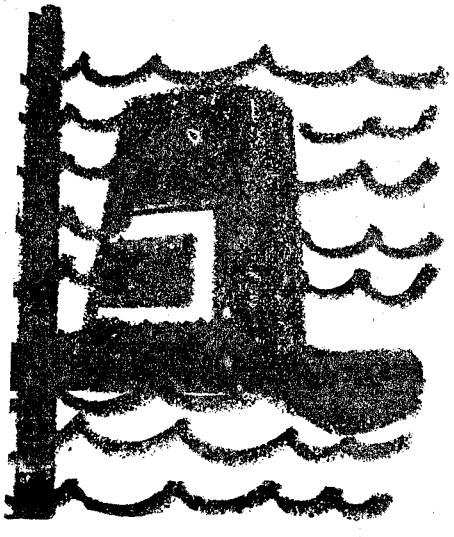
And so the research was begun. 1620 was an odd year in England. The golden age of drama had ended and the golden age of religious intolerance was on the wax. But the English, in some memory of Viking blood, had at last outgrown their old fear of the sea. Not only single men, but wives and children as well, now dared the open seas on the narrow floating tenements. The Pilgrim company was 100 (or 102) passengers. The *Mayflower* took the northern route, well away from the Spanish Main, into the teeth of the prevailing winds, from September into December. So much was known. But of specifications for building the ship, there were none, beyond that she was "120 tons burden." The only thing to do was to build a typical barque of the period.

The final cost has been given at $200,000. This is a ridiculously small sum for the difficulties that attended its collection and disbursement. First, the British public put up the original ante for the Mayflower Project. This ran out. Then seventy-six British manufacturers supplied fresh money. This ran out. The American public was asked to contribute, and the names of those who did were sold to the sponsoring manufacturers for sales solicitation. Some American money, notably that of *Life* magazine, came in. Finally a group of New York firms backing New York's Summer Festival and calling itself Mayflower, Ltd., got into the act, to get the *Mayflower* as a summer sideshow. Even this money seemed to have run out about the time the ship was towed out of Brixham, England, where she was built, for the towing firm promptly sued for payment.

IN THE confusion of patriotism, promotion and profit, a non-profit imprimatur was put on the venture by a non-profit civic-promotion society of Plymouth, Mass., called Plimouth (*sic*) Plantations, headed by one Henry Hornblower II. This was to receive the ship after its New York exhibition and make a permanent museum of it at Plymouth.

Captain Alan Villiers and crew of thirty-two sailed April 20 from Plymouth Harbor, under tow, just as if it were the year 1620. The farce note erupted loudly. Somebody aboard pulled a stray cord and a modern, inflatable, rubber life raft exploded, to the astonishment of any Pilgrim ghosts about. Now it turned out there were three more aboard, each capable of taking on the whole crew; the British Government forbade the trip to continue until a fourth had been found and delivered over the side.

The curious Pilgrim ghost could still look about and find some other items with which he was unfamiliar: two-way radio, steering wheel, electricity, generator, modern pumps, modern stove, flares, detergents, yachting caps, steel bunks, rubber boots, aluminum pots, galvanized tin pails, cigarettes, matches and cigarette lighters, as well as a typewriter and cameras and—to use them—a reporter-photographer team from *Life* magazine.



WHETHER DREAM, promotion or farce, this wooden monster now had to be sailed across the Atlantic Ocean. The *Life* writer, a former assistant managing editor whose name has not been on the masthead since he quit to do his own writing, was Maitland Edey, a sometime summer sailor around Martha's Vineyard. Without realizing it, he soon found out why tales of the sea used to have a magic they have lost. Wooden ships, it turned out, make a hell of a lot of disturbing noise: "booming explosions, thunder rolls, hisses, gurgles, chuckles, creaks, groans, complaints, crackling and ticking noises, rising louder and louder until it seemed as if every beam in the ship were splintering. . . ."

Edey conscientiously elected to move from the ship's officer aristocracy to the "tiller flat" proletariat, who had to stand watch and ate in some filth. His story reflects a certain class resentment, as of a Philippe Egalité. The ship drifted in the English Channel for a while, then ran for eleven days before a northwest wind to the Canary Islands, then definitely abandoned any pretense at the Pilgrims' course and idled into the trade winds across the tropics. On the actual crossing leg she made 164 miles a day, down to 70, 43, 29 and 11, as the wind failed and died. Drifting north, she was caught up in a storm, becalmed again, then revived in a good breeze to Cape Cod. Because, since 1620, some other people have settled on the sand dunes of Provincetown where the original *Mayflower* stayed for a month before looking for a greener shore at Plymouth, the modern *May-*

DAVID CORT, former Life-Time *editor, is a frequent contributor.*

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flower put in there first, again under disillusioning tow. The trip, including tows at both ends, had taken fifty-three days against the Pilgrims' sixty-seven days the hard way.

SO much was *Life's* monopoly, in return for the *Life* contribution to the Mayflower Project's elastic funds. The rest of the press, by hiring a plane, first spotted the *Mayflower* on June 9, south of Nantucket Lightship, in fifteen-foot seas; and the ballyhoo began. A delegation of Cherokee Indians, headed by a former Yankee pitcher, was reported on the way to welcome the new Pilgrims (the original Indians ashore belonged to the Massachusett, Narragansett and Mohegan tribes of the Wampanoag Confederacy).

In Provincetown, which regarded itself as the real end of the line, there was utter civic calm, except for an air-raid siren and church bells. No bunting flew. A relatively small crowd stared glumly at the barque. The irritable crew was given bronze medallions and signed a copy of the original Mayflower Compact—appropriately, inasmuch as the original compact had been demanded by the Pilgrims' rebellious servants and was, in fact, the omen of the British crown's early and continuing troubles with Massachusetts. The press was told that crew members could not talk to it, because they were forbidden by contract to discuss the voyage for one year. Nevertheless, crewmen confided that the ship was "very overloaded" with the "treasure chests" of the British commercial sponsors. Customs men came aboard and were told that the ship and all her equipment entered duty-free under an act covering museum exhibits. However, the treasure of English goods consigned to such firms as Macy's and Brooks Brothers paid duty.

Next day, the *Mayflower* sailed a few miles, then was towed up the channel to Plymouth. The crowd here was variously estimated at from five to twenty-five thousand; the barbecue tents were empty. But millions saw the arrival on TV, and if the Plymouth tradesmen were disgruntled, the *Mayflower* publicity was a national success and ready for the big time. The Governor of Massachusetts, Foster Furcolo, who signed his name "Furcolowe" when he went to Yale but changed back for the Italian vote, was delayed at the Harvard commencement exercises, but finally showed up. Messages from President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan were read. Ellis Brewster, seed of Elder Brewster, was on the shore when by all propriety he should have been arriving. In London, the press was saying that the "blatant" press agentry of the *Mayflower* was bound to embarrass Queen Elizabeth's October visit to Jamestown, where Virginia's authentic 350th anniversary celebration is now under way. Jamestown hastily claimed that it had no commercial aspects whatsoever, at all.

At Plymouth, the press was greatly relieved to learn that all restrictions had been taken off interviews with the crew. The year was up. How come? But of course: that day, *Life* was on the newsstands with its monopolistic fifteen-page story and pictures, first installment, and every newspaper story was a boost for *Life*. Since Edey was only then coming ashore, this was obviously a journalistic miracle.

THESE so-called miracles are always entitled to our close attention. The *Life* story opens with an air-view of the *Mayflower* "230 miles off Bermuda," taken by whom and from what? One can suppose it was a helicopter or seaplane that had picked up Edey's story and the photographer's negatives, and that Edey wrote the detailed captions by two-way radio. Or one can suppose that the *Mayflower* had a darkroom on board—but this is too outrageous—and that Edey captioned developed pictures which were taken off by helicopter. From the internal evidence of the captions, the most likely explanation is that Edey and negatives were lifted off the *Mayflower* and that only the former was returned, after the story went to press, for the entry into Plymouth.

Life is invited to give the true story.

The time element puts a different light on the *Mayflower's* unseemly towing into Provincetown on June 12. Once *Life* had gone to press June 8, it had to have action by Thursday, June 13; and it was evidently not kidding when it demanded and got it.

Perhaps this ignominious end was what so completely deflated the fine dream that *Life* had originally subscribed its money to. For the press, both in England and America, was now in full cry on the track of commercialism. The unloading of the ninety-two commercial treasure chests, valued at $200,000, and 140,000 cancelled envelopes for sale to stamp collectors, was fully reported. In London, the original dreamers were squabbling bitterly, resigning, demanding resignations, refusing to resign, all for "commercialism."

Vice President Nixon and nine Massachusetts Congressmen showed up at Plymouth on June 22 for the "official welcome." Nixon used the line, "How do our sacrifices compare with those of the Pilgrim Fathers?" to justify the Administration's stand on taxes.

IN A mysterious American way, the *Mayflower's* arrival in New York City made it finally and absolutely respectable. Anything that gets a ticker-tape parade, even only to City Hall, takes its honorable place beside Lindbergh and Gertrude Ederle. And at its end were representatives of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, Sons and Daughters of Pilgrims, Daughters of Founders and Patriots, Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century, Daughters of Colonial Wars, Colonial Dames, Daughters of the American Revolution and finally, the inevitable Federation of Women's Clubs. The ladies had certified the *Mayflower*. A dissenter in a plane trailing a banner, "Paleface Go Home," was chased off by New York police planes. Yet even this admirable joker implicitly acknowledged the *Mayflower's* status as something that had genuinely arrived. The dream had finally been mass-merchandised.

As the *Mayflower* went on display in New York (admission: adults, 95 cents; children, 42 cents), she really hit the "big time." In full-page newspaper ads for Rheingold

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beer, a crew of male models—or perhaps they were crew members—and a hilarious Miss Rheingold passed around beer cartons over the Pilgrim diary entry: ". . . our victuals being much spent, especially our beere. . ." In 1957 America, the ad happily pointed out, such a condition is impossible. In a world where there is always plenty of beer, the ad seemed to say, beer "never sweet, never bitter," what better use is there for old dreams than to sell beer, tinned foods, fine woolens and toiletries?

Rheingold had paid for an exhibit on the *Mayflower* of other ships that had brought valuable manpower to these shores in the past. It slyly insinuated that one of the most significant voyages was that of the ship of the 1840s that had brought over a Mr. Liebmann, founder of its breweries.

Beginning in 1846, the potato famines sent waves of Irishmen in the steerage holds to America; in 1848 the German troubles sent other waves of German liberals and Jews. As a service to others who may want to relive a past just as significant as the *Mayflower*, some of these ships are listed at right, each with arrival date, departure port and number of steerage passengers:

Sept. 25, 1846—*Manchester,* Liverpool, 226
Sept. 28, 1846—*Hudson,* Liverpool, 69
Jan. 2, 1847—*Chaos,* Liverpool, 168
Jan. 14, 1847—*Hector,* Liverpool, 219
July 1, 1848—*Magna Carta,* Dublin, 113
July 3, 1848—*Manteo,* Liverpool, 242
July 14, 1848—*Oneida,* Liverpool, 282
July 17, 1848—*Sardinia,* Liverpool, 293
July 19, 1848—*Providence,* Antwerp, 60
July 19, 1848—*Mississippi,* Rotterdam, 194
July 21, 1848—*Sylphide,* Antwerp, 112
Oct. 20, 1848—*E. Z.,* Liverpool, 259
Nov. 16, 1848—*Warren,* Glasgow, 158
Nov. 18, 1848—*Pacific,* Liverpool, 218

SPORTS IN AMERICA

The BOSWELLS of BASEBALL . . *by Roger Kahn*

[*This is the second in a series on Sports in America by a veteran sportswriter who is now sports editor of* Newsweek. *A final article will appear in an early issue.*]

IN THE PAGES of American newspapers not even the Republican Party enjoys more extensive coverage and more enthusiastic approval than does the field of sports. Without benefit of serious advertising, sports regularly splash across more columns than music, art, books and theatre combined and when a baseball promoter stoops to purchase his daily five-line ad, he exudes the benign air usually associated with contributions to the American Red Cross.

If Walter O'Malley, the calculating president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, becomes concerned with slumping gate receipts, he does not buy a full page in *The New York Times*. Instead, he calls a press conference. Then, by hinting, say, that the Dodgers are losing money and may have to reduce their players' salaries next year, he wins a headline in every newspaper in New York. By grouping the Dodgers and the city of Los Angeles in the same sentence, he may gain national coverage or even, as he did recently, crack the front page of the *Manchester Guardian*. The rule of thumb for sports promoters is simple. It does not pay to advertise; it pays to call a press conference.

As advocates of soccer, lacrosse and chess lament sporadically, there is no charity in the news judgment of sports editors. The circulation men push baseball, boxing, football and horse-racing results and for most sports editors the rest is merely addenda to fill whatever excess space exists. The lure of the big four sports is so persistent that they dominate the back page of every tabloid in the country and form the core of sports sections in the Sunday *Times*, which on occasion have to run to more than sixty columns of type.

WHETHER a sport lends more to a newspaper's appeal than the paper's coverage does to that of the sport, is a riddle bruited about for decades. It will not be solved here. For every newspaperman who credits the press with building sports, there is a promoter waiting to point out that big-time sports have been the papers' most durable circulation crutch since 1910. Both sides are partially correct, and with the vivid emergence of the athletic hero during America's fifty-year sports boom has arisen the unique breed of newspapermen called sportswriters.

Neither the American Newspaper Guild nor any major newspaper personnel office formally recognizes sportswriting as an occupation. Guild contracts include the blanket classification, "reporter," and if the reporter happens to be covering prize fights, the Guild takes no official notice. The sportswriter who spends his spring covering a baseball team in Florida is paid on the same scale as the rewrite man whose eight-hour trick consists of grinding out 100-word obituaries. Merit raises for sportswriters are infrequent and few earn more than $150 a week, although occasionally a top man is paid $200, and once in a generation someone like Red Smith hits the jackpot through syndication.

On most newspapers, the unofficial specialty of sportswriting is further broken down into unofficial sub-specialties. At the top sits the sports columnist. Within limits, he makes his own assignments, editorializes freely, writes as he pleases, files his copy by Western Union and appears in the office only to accept a paycheck or to deposit an expense account.

Next come the "beat" men, reporters who concentrate on one sport and whose professional knowledge, if not writing style, is almost always

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acceded to by editors. Most reporters are convinced that baseball is the best of all possible beats. The baseball writer leaves for spring training and warm weather in mid-February, stays with the ball club for an entire season and, as long as he attends the games and does not libel the manager, he is pretty much left alone. Then there are boxing writers, golf writers, horse-racing writers and so on, clear down to the schoolboy-sports editor, who is not an editor at all, but a cub reporter learning to master English in a job where mixed metaphors will harm circulation least.

FROM THE standpoint of informed reporting, this ultra-specialization has worked out well. I know baseball writers who can hold their own in technical discussions with Leo Durocher and basketball writers who could probably succeed as coaches. But it has also left newspapermen open to a pair of deadly traps. The first, a compulsion to tinker with English, comes when a reporter is so sure of his facts that he concentrates on making his story colorful. Purple is the most popular color. The second, a mistaken-identity syndrome, occurs often among baseball writers, and is evident when they begin referring to the team they spend most of their waking hours with, but not the newspapers, as "we."

According to a quotation which I have traced to Cato the Elder, "Some of the best and most of the worst writing anywhere is that which appears in sports sections." I think you could safely apply this statement equally to Boswell, to *Poetry Magazine* and, with a small deletion, to the novels of Frances Parkinson Keyes. A more accurate and more pertinent view is that sportswriters are allowed to write very well or very badly with precious little risk of editing.

Most sports events start at approximately the same time and most of the stories arrive in the newspaper office at approximately the same hour. As a result, there is rarely much chance for a quick rewrite, let alone a complete revision. Down through the years, sports-page readers have been punished with prose like this:

> A lot of cuticle was removed from the Tiger hide this fair and idyllic afternoon when the Tiger football team undertook to do battle with the formidables of Notre Dame. It was a severe beating the Tigers, still in the primer stage of gridiron development, took from the Westerners. They were no match for the fast and crafty lads from South Bend, who beat them by a score of 25 to 2, while 28,000 persons saw the one-sided encounter. The Tigers still have their stadium left, though, as said, they lost cuticle by the square yard.

In the third paragraph, the writer mentioned that the game played was football and explained that the Tigers were Princeton's football team.

The cuticle gem dates from 1923 and although there has been improvement on a broad front since then, a regular reader will still encounter some horrible stuff. Once, not too long ago, when the New York Giants played an exhibition game in Colorado, a *Herald Tribune* baseball writer (who has since been shifted) thought it would be rather droll repeatedly to address his readers as "Podners." He wrote and his paper published an account in which he told how in this rugged country, Podner, the Giants looked like a rugged team, Podner, and the total effect, Podner, was about as droll as a tornado.

For years there seemed to be a belief at the Associated Press that no golfer was identifiable without an alliterative, denominative adjective. It is impossible to recall an A.P. golf story in which Ben Hogan was not "Bantam Ben" and Sam Snead was not "Slammin' Sam." I knew a gallant copyreader who spent years in the sports department of a New York newspaper removing alliterative adjectives and pining for the appearance of a golfer named Xavier. Eventually he surrendered and now works in the business-news department where, except for handling one story beginning "Sly Serge Rubinstein," he reports that he has been considerably happier.

Clearly, a sports reporter writes with a minimum of restrictions. He is expected only to tell the result of

the event and employ some insight in explaining how the result came to pass. Nowhere, not even on the *Times*, are sportswriters bound by the classic who-where-what-when-why lead. There are sound reasons for this which are probably best illustrated through baseball.

The bare result of a ball game is not likely to be news to a fan. He has probably seen the game on television, or heard it on radio, or listened to a friend's account in the office. The newspaperman must provide more than the telecaster, the broadcaster or the friend. Quite understandably, the baseball writer who covers 180 games a year, cannot and will not write the same story 180 times. The best baseball writers search relentlessly for the unusual.

A *Daily News* baseball writer named Dick Young has been successful with a technique in which he mentions the result in passing, then proceeds to the serious business of punning or whatever else his special gimmick is that day. Late in the 1950 season, Young concluded that the Dodgers were losing because of cowardice at critical moments, a trait ball players call "choking up," in allusion to the difficulty in swallowing that often accompanies severe tension.

To get his cowardice point across, Young began a story, "The tree that grows in Brooklyn is an apple tree and the apples are in the throats of the Dodgers." From the standpoint

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of the *Daily News* editors, one sensational lead such as Young's justifies all the latitude given their sportswriters.

The danger is excess, and on the sports pages excess is routine. Several years after the apple story, when the Dodgers again were slumping, Chuck Dressen, their manager, ordered several cases of liquor and thrust drinks upon his players after a game. "To relax 'em," Charlie said. Young's response was a story in alcoholic dialect with such lines as "Wash wusha score?" It might have made a bright monologue but it was virtually impossible to read the next day.

A batter can line a single to center field. He can also loop it, smash it, bash it, belt it, drill it, crack it, smack it, wallop it, larrup it, powder it, poke it, power it, conk it, rocket it, whistle it, paddle it, push it and still have his single to center. All these descriptive verbs are acceptable to sports copy desks and all are used by baseball writers striving for color. The football fullback can hit the line like a Roman phalanx, like a Mack Truck, like a battering ram, like a pile-driver, like a block-buster and still make a first down in the sports section. All these images are valueless. The best of them is hopelessly vague. But all are used and will continue to be used as long as sportswriters insist on offering their readers fifty images a week, a chore that probably would have vanquished Dylan Thomas.

IF THE public conception of a sportswriter grappling with English is somewhat vague, theories about the life he leads are stark and clear. "Gin for breakfast, Scotch for lunch and a Copa girl to help out with the story at a late supper," friends sometimes told me slyly when I wrote sports for a newspaper. The drinking is optional, but a sportswriter today is far more likely to have a publicity man than a Copa girl providing suggestions for his lead. During the 1920s there seems to have been a good deal of outright corruption of sportswriters, notably by boxing promoters. There is almost no corruption through cash now, not because of any upturn in the honesty of mankind, but simply because the risks exceed any possible gains. Public relations have replaced the handouts and again baseball, the most intensively covered sport, has set the pattern.

For years the ball clubs offered to pay all travel expenses for newspapers assigning a writer to their team. Within the last fifteen years, many newspapers recognized the danger of this paternalistic relationship and started paying their own way; in New York City, however, the two Hearst papers and the *Post* still accept the charity of the teams. In addition, papers are allowed to buy huge allotments of World Series tickets, which are largely used by advertising salesmen but also are available to important editors and to promotion men.

ON THE individual level, the teams make a determined effort to please both the sports editor and the writer assigned to cover them. Would the writer like to take his family to spring training? The paper won't pay for it, but the ball club may. Is the managing editor riding the sports department? Perhaps the club can leak a few exclusives. The "difficult" writer, the one who enjoys sarcasm, is singled out for special treatment. Two years ago Walter O'Malley telephoned three writers covering the Dodgers and suggested that they were suffering from negativism. "You and I would both do better if you wrote more positive stuff," he said, helpfully. Once, when covering the Yankees in a year when their competition was particularly weak, I began a story, "The Yankees, who looked bad losing yesterday, managed to look mediocre winning today." The next night the club publicity director invited me to his hotel room, poured a drink and asked if I was trying to ruin baseball.

No sportswriter is trying to ruin baseball. Over the years the writers have tended sports fondly, and though they may criticize among themselves or complain in print, the outsider who dislikes sports is considered unclean, possibly leftist and probably effeminate.

For the most part, the big-city sportswriter is an honest man, a little bored by his job, easily convinced that he should be writing something more important but secretly snug in the field he knows best. Ultimately, he is likely to stop trying to write well, and instead settle comfortably on clichés and say, as one friend said not long ago, "What the hell do the bastards want for a hundred and fifty bucks a week? Shakespeare?"

The editors don't, the circulation men don't and few readers are disturbed at the number of sportswriters who quit papers for jobs that pay more than $150. Those who remain, the veteran sportswriters, are the important ones. They are the best promotion force anywhere in American industry.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

desire of these gentlemen for the return to them of German assets in the United States and their absolute refusal to recognize the "sanctity" of the private property stolen by them during the Nazi regime. An example is that of a former leading non-Aryan German independent banker whose bank was merged with the *Dresdner Bank* in the early 1930s. On the night of Hitler's "election," he was forced to flee Germany, leaving in "safekeeping" with his supposed friends at the *Dresdner Bank* (including Mr. Goetz) securities of German banks and industrial concerns valued at several million marks, as well as his world-famed art collection. In 1941, under the combined auspices of the bank and the Nazi government, the art collection was auctioned in Germany, and the securities appropriated by the bank. After the war, some private purchasers voluntarily returned auctioned items of art to the rightful owner, but not Mr. Goetz and the *Dresdner Bank;* appropriated private property was not *that* sanctified. To this day they refuse to turn over any assets they held for safekeeping, denying responsibility and liability and insisting that their records of the account of their former associate were "lost or damaged" so that no accounting can be rendered.

SELWYN GRANGER

Chicago, Illinois

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China's Tunnel to Formosa . . *by Chao Kuo-chun*

THE anti-American riot of last May in Taipei has again focused the eyes of the world on the strategic island of Taiwan (Formosa). There is, however, another development which is potentially much more significant in the future relations between Washington and Taipei. This is the "peace offensive" waged by the Peking government against Taiwan since last fall. Many of the frustrations and bottled-up emotions of the island's populace, which were among the basic causes of the anti-U.S. flare-up, could also be utilized by Peking in its current maneuvers against both Taiwan and the United States.

A dilemma exists between the increasing pressure on the State Department at Washington to recognize that Peking has become a world power in effective control of one-quarter of the world's population, and the strategic value of Taiwan, with a regime that is an ally by treaty with the United States.

In an attempt to resolve this dilemma, three schools of thought have developed here: Those who advocate U.S. recognition of the Peking government; those who favor an independent status for Taiwan either as a nation or as a temporary trustee of the United Nations; and those who support the maintenance of the status quo. The last stand seems unrealistic and, in the long run, untenable. The second "solution" is unfeasible, as it has been rejected by both the Chinese Communists and Nationalists. The first proposal can hardly get by the U.S. Congress, as things stand now. Peking, however, obviously sees a fourth possibility: re-uniting Taiwan with the mainland through internal defections among the Kuomintang leaders either in the immediate future or after the death of Chiang Kai-shek, who is now seventy-one.

The current campaign by Peking to "peacefully annex Taiwan," now going full blast, was launched on June 25, 1956, by a report to the Third Session of the National Committee of the People's Congress by Li Wei-han, chief of the United Front Department of the Chinese Communist Party.[1] In this speech, Li, a member of the party's Central Committee, announced that "the C.C.P. should coexist with democratic parties over a long period of time, and that there should be mutual supervision and, first of all, supervision over the C.C.P." The "liberalizing trend" was re-echoed in speeches at the party's Eighth Congress in September, 1956. In March, 1957, the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang, consisting of former K.M.T. leaders who support the policies of the Chinese Communists, set up in Peking the "Work Committee on the Peaceful Liberation of Taiwan," with General Chang Chih-chung and Dr. Weng Wen-hao as co-chairmen (General Chang was a former member of the Central Committee of the K.M.T. and a hero in the Sino-Japanese War; Dr. Weng was the Premier of the Nanking Government in 1948).

THESE names and their connections with the Nationalists indicate that the C.C.P. is employing once again its effective technique of winning over the opponents through personal approaches. Traditionally in China, personal relations have always played an important part in an individual's decision, and even in major policies. Especially influential are the words of one's teachers, elders and superiors. Many leaders now in Taiwan served under such people as Li Chi-shen, Ch'eng Ch'ien, Ch'en Ming-ch'u and Fu Tso-yi, or were pupils of educators and scholars like Ma Yin-ch'u, Feng, Yu-lan, Lu Chih-wei, Wu Yi-fang and Fei Hsiao-t'ung —all enthusiastic supporters of the Peking Government. These mainland leaders may have, in varying degrees, swaying power over their erstwhile subordinates or pupils.

The number of former Nationalist leaders who have remained on the Chinese mainland is larger than is generally realized. One Chinese writer in Singapore estimated in early 1957 that the number of former K.M.T. Central Committee members (including members of the Control Committee) who are now in Peking is "greater than that at Taipei . . . and there are more generals of the Nanking armies in mainland China than in Taiwan."[2] At the same time, Peking no longer talks about "the punishment of war criminals such as Chiang Kai-shek." Instead, Chou En-lai stated that Peking is willing to cooperate with everyone who favors a peaceful liberation of Taiwan; Kuomintang members were invited to pay a short visit to the mainland to find out things for themselves.

A SIMILAR psychological technique in Peking's peace offensive is to ask the family members of Nationalist leaders who remain on the mainland to broadcast and write letters about the regime's socio-economic achievements. In March, the mother of Chang Ch'un, a top leader of the Kuomintang at Taiwan, expressed over the radio her eagerness to see her son again on her ninetieth birthday. Late in the same month, invitations to visit the mainland were made to George Yeh, Foreign Minister of the Taiwan Government, by an uncle and a brother. The recent return to the mainland of a number of well-known Chinese, such as Professor Ch'ien Hsüeh-sheng, world authority on jet propulsion at the California Institute of Technology; Dr. Chou Ping-wen, former Chinese Chief Delegate to the Food and

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[1] The full text of Li's report appears in *China Semi-Monthly*, August 15, 1957. A similar thesis was reiterated in an editorial of the *People's Daily*, April 26, 1957.

[2] Tsao Chu-jen, "Observations from My Trip to Peking," Singapore, 1957, quoted in the *China Daily News*, New York, March 16 and 18, 1957.

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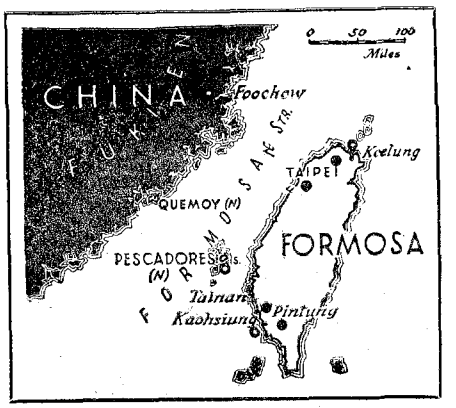
Agriculture Organization, and General Wei Li-huang (from Hongkong) had all been accelerated by entreaties from their close relatives in China.

Of course, non-personal factors are also utilized by Peking—such as the internal weakness of the Kuomintang at Taiwan as contrasted with the mainland Chinese achievements since the establishment of the Central People's Government on October 1, 1949. Without understanding these factors, the import of Peking's strategy cannot be fully evaluated. Among the more serious domestic problems faced by Taiwan are the factionalism in the Kuomintang and the deteriorating economic conditions of the island. There are still numerous cliques in the Kuomintang: the Whampoa military group, which looks up to General Ch'en Ch'eng as its leader; the faction headed by Chiang Ching-kuo, elder son of Chiang Kai-shek and boss of the secret police in Taiwan; the remnants of the notorious CC clique, which was bossed by Ch'en Li-fu (now residing in Lakewood, New Jersey); the so-called "Political Science group"; various organizations formed by indigenous Taiwanese, and others. The leading contenders for power are the groups headed by Ch'en Ch'eng and Chiang Ching-kuo; when Chiang Kai-shek is no longer at the helm of his party, the struggle between them may break into the open. While young Chiang has the backing of his father and the secret police, many of the K.M.T. leaders are critical of him, partly because he has advanced too quickly on the power ladder and partly because he supported Stalin and denounced his father during his student days in Moscow (1925-1935).

The most menacing economic problems in Taiwan (population 9,000,000) are persistent inflation and chronic unemployment. Taking the consumer price index of 1949 in the island as 100, the index in 1953 was about 700, and in December, 1956, 1,000 (Statistical Supplement, *International Labor Review*, March, 1957). Had it not been for American aid and the expenditures of U.S. armed forces, which totalled



about two billion U.S. dollars in the last eight years, the situation would be even graver. No unemployment figures have been released by the Kuomintang authorities, but it is well known that most college graduates have a very difficult time in finding jobs. A primary reason for Taiwan's economic difficulties is the high proportion of military cost in the budget—80 per cent, as compared to about 50 per cent for the United States and 20 per cent for mainland China (*Economic Survey of Asia and the Far East*, United Nations, February, 1957).

THESE political and economic difficulties are aggravated by the general realization among the populace that the existence of the Nationalist regime depends on the U.S. Seventh Fleet, and that any day a changed international situation (e.g., a Labor Party victory in Great Britain in the next general election, a sudden adjustment of Washington's policy toward Peking, etc.), or internal dissensions could result in the regime's disintegration. It is not hard to see why many Chinese on the island have begun to feel frustrated and were ripe for the outburst two months ago at Taipei.

From private conversations with a number of people who have come here from Taiwan, including a few sent by government organs, one gathers the impression that many see little future for the Kuomintang regime.

In contrast, a limited number of people in Taiwan who have access to uncensored information, learn that Peking's economic, social and political reforms have changed China's stagnant economy and society. Many Chinese outside the mainland may feel indifferent or even hostile to communism *per se*, but their strong nationalist feeling makes them sympathetic toward a government which has united China and made it powerful within a few short years. A series of new political lines enunciated by Peking in recent months have also found favor among many Chinese abroad. These include the policy of "let one hundred schools contend" as well as Mao Tse-tung's doctrinal innovation that "non-antagonistic contradictions exist within the party's own ranks and between the leaders and the masses, and the people must be encouraged to speak out." (See *New York Times*, June 19.) Under the combined influence of nationalism and the new policies of Peking, a number of overseas Chinese groups, including those in Indonesia, Singapore and Thailand, have already come out in support of the peace moves by Peking toward Taiwan.

IN VIEW of these developments, it would be unwise to dismiss Peking's line of "peaceful liberation of Taiwan" as mere propaganda. History sometimes has a habit of repeating itself. Less than a decade ago the Kuomintang collapsed in China because the people saw no future under its rule. Not only did the key social classes of China—the intelligentsia and the peasants—go over to the Communists, but also several millions of Kuomintang soldiers. With these troops and many Nationalist leaders, there went also several billions of American taxpayers' dollars and modern American weapons. The recent anti-American violence in Taipei (particularly the hands-off attitude shown by the police) indicates that, in spite of the indispensable aid given to Taiwan by Washington, many Chinese on the island harbor resentment against the United States. One lesson to be drawn from all this seems to be that money and arms alone are not enough to acquire the faith and goodwill of another people. The war of ideas and ideals must be won by more positive weapons than the Matadors—with or without atomic punch.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Tenacity of the Gallows

REFLECTIONS ON HANGING. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. 254 pp. $4.50.

NOT GUILTY. By Jerome Frank and Barbara Frank. Doubleday. 262 pp. $3.75.

Robert Hatch

LOGIC is so strongly on the side of those who would abolish capital punishment that, ironically, they have the greatest difficulty setting up an argument to publicize their views. Executions continue from inertia and the majesty of precedent, supported by the "reasonable" man's belief that when one life is forfeited for another the equation balances. But I suspect that there is more to the tenacity of the gallows than ignorance, cruelty, indifference or a faulty sense of logic. We are the carriers of all manner of atavisms (have you never kicked the chair that offended your shin; never cursed the heaven that rained on your picnic?) that make us feel better when we do meaningless things. A man who has killed another is unclean; he is outside the tribe; he is an affront to the gods. It is not the killer who is a danger to us, but his crime. The sin is on the community and it must be washed out in blood—preferably the blood of the offender, but shockingly enough the tribesman within me would rather have the blood of sacrifice than no blood at all. It "feels" right when the trap is sprung, or the switch thrown. And it doesn't matter, since the sin is absolute, whether the murder was committed for gain, in passion or from fear.

It is this "feel," I think, which the rational foes of the executioner overlook; it is why they are baffled when society does not follow at once the imperative of their conclusive statistics and faultless logic. If we were entirely motivated by reason, I should confidently expect that, a year after the publication of Arthur Koestler's *Reflections on Hanging*, capital punishment would be wiped clean from the statutes of the civilized community. I do not expect this reform so soon, though I am sure it will come. We no longer employ trial by fire or exhibit maniacs in cages. Generation by generation, the memory of cave and camp site grows fainter and the mind comes closer to its sovereignty. But it is still a monarch beset.

MEANWHILE, men of logic must keep pressing, and none does it better than Koestler. He is patient and thorough with his theme; he is also quick-tempered and witty, so that his book engenders its own momentum and even the convinced will hold on to the end.

He makes mince meat of the argument that the shadow of the hangman is all that protects society from a holocaust of private slaughter. This is not surprising, for the supporting figures have been available for some time. But his explanation of how the Bloody Code arose in 18th century England is both instructive and less well-known. Earlier, few crimes had been punishable by death, but the travail of the Industrial Revolution, which both loosened the traditional reins on behavior and piled up conspicuous wealth for pillage, put the new middle class in great fear. That anxiety was not so great as to break down the Englishman's traditional distaste for an effective police force, but it was sufficient for him to fight fear with terror. The method did not work—crime rose according to social conditions and was not restrained by hanging men for peccadilloes. In the end, the Bloody Code was abolished at the urging of the very merchants it was intended to protect: juries began to revolt against the endless parade to Tyburn and would let obviously guilty men go free.

In this connection it is interesting that from 1900 to 1950 in England juries found less than one per cent of those tried for crimes other than murder "guilty but insane," and in the same period brought in that judgment against forty per cent of capital defendants. Murderers are not all that much crazier than pickpockets, counterfeiters or blackmailers; the difference represents the juries' opinion that the punishment does not fit the crime.

Koestler treats with brilliant scorn the legal definition of insanity; he is savage with famous jurists who, jealous of their prerogative to guard and transmit the common law, have resisted with rhetoric the logic of reform. He goes, I think unwisely, into the marshy debate between free will and determinism. Whatever the philosophical fascination of this enigma, society must act *as if* a man were responsible for what he does, and Koestler labors somewhat inconclusively in an area he could legitimately have detoured.

For the benefit of readers whose imaginations are dim, he gives the horrifying details of executions, citing the atrocities peculiar to hanging, electrocution and gassing. Curiously, he does not mention the one method of execution which, physically speaking, is guaranteed painless. That is the axe, or as the French employ it, the guillotine. The horror in this is innate and again it is probably atavistic—a skeleton with no skull on its shoulders will be nonplussed on the day of resurrection. Only the French, that rational people, continue to favor the short, sharp shock.

ONE of Koestler's most telling arguments is, of course, "how can you be sure?" Only an infallible being has the right to make irrevocable decisions, and the best certainty that juries can attain is the kind called a "moral" certainty to cover the fact that it is not certain at all.

Just how fallible our methods of justice are is made brutally clear in *Not Guilty*, written by the late Judge Jerome Frank with the research and journalistic assistance of his daughter. It is not as eloquent a book as

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Koestler's and the case histories which form its core hinge monotonously on the varieties of mistaken identity. But its weight of blunders is impressive and it makes two painful points. One of these is that the judicial process has evolved, not as a search for truth by scrupulous experts, but as a contest of skill between prosecution and defense. Only the rare prosecutor will cheat to win his case; but just as rare is the one who will search for the truth rather than the framework of a case. The theory is that if opposing lawyers fight with equal power, justice will out; but it is notorious that lawyers are not equal and that the resources of the state outweigh those of any but the wealthiest defendant.

Judge Frank's other point is that errors in criminal cases are usually discovered only by the sleuthing of those determined to free a prisoner they believe innocent. Errors are therefore not often found when the sentence has been death. Savages though we may still be, it is chastening to realize that we can be sure of only one thing about the number of innocent people who are executed for murder—it is larger than we know.

Men and Myth in Israel

BRIDGEHEAD, The Drama of Israel. By Waldo Frank. George Braziller Inc. 220 pp. $3.75.

Leonard Woolf

WALDO FRANK was commissioned by a group of Spanish-American newspapers to go to Israel and write a series of articles on how the Jews, after nearly 2,000 years, have returned as Israelis to the twice-promised land. Mr. Frank had seen the Jews in Palestine thirty years before in the early years of the Mandate, when the diaspora was being reversed and thousands of Jews from eastern Europe were flocking to the National Home. He wrote his articles, and then found that his experiences in Israel had left a deposit in his mind which went deeper than journalism. Hence this book, which deals with what he saw *sub specie aeternitatis* or at least from the angle of two thousand years of human history.

Mr. Frank has many qualifications for the task which he has set himself, for, besides being an expert journalist, he is a distinguished novelist and a philosophically-minded historian. It goes without saying, therefore, that he has written an extremely interesting book. It is well worth while reading his meditations on the dramatic spectacle of this new Israel state struggling for existence. What are they doing and what will they make of it, these one and a half million men and women from the ghettos of eastern Europe, from the slums of Tunis, from the modernities of New York, and from the deserts of Yemen, trying to build a new Jerusalem in the midst of forty million "Arabs" sworn to annihilate them? No one who has walked through the bustling streets of Tel Aviv, has seen the new university springing up in Jerusalem, has had a glimpse of the communal life and communal agriculture of the *kibbutz*, has listened to university professors, taxi-drivers, shepherds discussing perpetually—and all with great intelligence and understanding—the tremendous problems, political, economic and spiritual which confront Israel and indeed the world—no one who has had this exhilarating experience can fail to regard the spectacle with admiration and foreboding. And from this background he will turn to Mr. Frank in the hope of finding enlightenment and reassurance.

The reader will get a certain amount of enlightenment, but not very much reassurance. Mr. Frank is such an experienced observer and so skilled a writer that he can bring before the reader's eye and mind very vividly the scenes which he actually saw and the conversations which he had with Jew and Arab up and down the land. He does not offer one much reassurance because fundamentally, and at the back of his own mind, he seems to doubt the future of the Jew turned Israeli and therefore of the Israeli state. But though Mr. Frank is an admirable guide to the immediate and, if one might say so, the journalistic scene from Dan to Beersheba, his wider vision of history, psychology, society is vitiated by a kind of sociological pathetic fallacy which afflicts so many clever—and a good many stupid—people when they contemplate the past, present, or future of the Jews.

This fallacy consists in attributing to the Jews a mystical relation either to good or to evil, to God, religion and history. Mr. Frank's wider historical outlook is shrouded in this mystical obscurity. and he therefore again and again makes statements which have no precise meaning and merely obscure the situation or problem which he is trying to illuminate. For instance, he found that the inhabitants of every *kibbutz* were "self-absorbed" and that "self-absorption is the tonal key of all the communes I saw." Surely this is what one might expect in small communities engaged in a difficult and ex-

LEONARD WOOLF, historian, critic and co-founder (with Virginia Woolf) of The Hogarth Press, has recently returned to England from a visit to Israel.

Country Boredom

Whole days are city minutes if you measure
Time by persons. Less. For no one comes.
Ticktock is not a footstep, nor does wind
Wear clothes. Nor does sunset speak to sunrise;
They are not even strangers to each other,
Here in this waste of purpose, in this faceless
Forum where the atoms never argue:
Equal and indivisible; content
With the vast void between them. If you count
By voices, music fails; and if you listen
Only for wit there is no need of ears.
What then? Why stay? What is the good of stillness,
Had at so huge a cost? I will not tell you.
I do not know. Except, with stillness itself
For standard, I could be satisfied, and am.
Listen. No one comes. That wasn't the wind.
Even the clock is holding its breath; and the stars
Have stopped. Or I think they have. Be quiet. Thinking
Itself is sound. We shouldn't be here. Or if so,
We shouldn't be disagreeing. Even agreeing.

MARK VAN DOREN

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acting economic and agricultural project and a remarkable experiment in communal life. Mr. Frank is not content with so matter-of-fact an explanation; he must have his mysticism which turns light to darkness. He explains the "self-absorption" as due to the fact that the *kibbutz* is "a collective individual" and this is his explanation of his explanation:

> I call them a collective individual, because the content of their mind, however intellectual, and of their actions, however necessary, is held to a matrix which is insulate and "selfish" in the way of normal childhood. When these processes find organic place in the world of existence, when the self discovers and develops its share of the Cosmic, the *individual* becomes a *person.* I found in Israel collective individuals in splendid and various profusion. I do not believe that I encountered collective persons.

Mr. Frank did not find his collective persons because they are figments of his fancy in regions where fancifulness is inappropriate. No communities either in Israel, in the United States, or anywhere else find organic place in the world of existence by discovering and developing their share of the Cosmic.

He brings to the terrible problem of the future of the Jew become an Israeli the same kind of meaningless mysticism. The Jew who has come from eastern Europe or Yemen or the United States to help build, as a citizen, a new state in Israel necessarily has to change profoundly his way of life, his mental outlook, his allegiances. As you go up and down the country you see this mental, spiritual, physical change taking place in every class of society. Surely it is—and must be—the same kind of change which took place in the millions of immigrants from Europe to America and has transformed the Irishman and the Russian, the Swede and the Italian into an American. But again Mr. Frank will not have anything to do with a simple, matter-of-fact vision like this. The Jew, according to him, has some special connection with God. (Is this the old story of the Chosen People?) "There has always been the pool, infinitely profound, of God's presence within man, from which the Jew drew sustenance." The "genius of the Jew" requires that he must always "know" God, "although the idiom of the knowledge change. And for this God must be *sought.* Without this axiom, the Jew no longer changes, but ceases."

This seems to me wordy fancifulness. In the mountains of Galilee I met a shepherd whom I had known years ago as a clerk in a shipping office in London. He was and is a Jew, but I do not think he has ever known or sought God. He is changing from an Englishman to an Israeli, just as many an Englishman has changed into a citizen of the United States of America. The process has nothing to do with any pool of God's presence in man.

The Speakable Gentleman

LIFE AT HAPPY KNOLL. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. 167 pp. $3.75.

Max Cosman

THE MOST pointed criticisms of J. P. Marquand as writer find support in his own admissions. This is ironic, for he does not indulge in self-recrimination nor, for that matter, in self-revelation. He is too well-adjusted for the first and much too restrained for the second. But as a craftsman working within the mores of business, he has on occasion labeled his products, and thus inadvertently supplied critics with useful testimony.

He has not done this to the extent his English counterpart, Somerset Maugham, has in *The Summing Up*; but he made a start in an article called "Apley, Wickford Point, and Pulham." As a result, readers of those novels, who may have wondered why Mr. Marquand lapses into sentimentality when he should be concluding some satire in hand, now have an explanation for his behavior. "Looking back on the writing of this novel"—he is speaking of *The Late George Apley* but what he says applies with modifications to the others—"I think I originally conceived it as a savage attack on the old water side of Beacon Street. Then, as I continued, I discovered that Mr. Apley was a sitting duck and that savage satire directed at him was incapable of long sustention. It finally dawned on me that Mr. Apley, like anyone in any *rentier* class, had many admirable sides to his character."

Unfortunately, such ambivalence of feeling is characteristic neither of time-honored masters of satire like Swift nor of newer practitioners like Angus Wilson. It would seem that achievement in satire goes rather to one who sticks to a choice in an issue than to one who changes his mind. To scorn and to embrace a subject alternately is not a virtue but an indulgence. It blurs distinctions, and, what is a worse crime, it destroys values.

Mr. Marquand's comment on himself as short story writer is also significant. It appears in an introductory note to "The Minutes of the Mulligatawny Club," a section in that book of his oddments, *Thirty Years.* The Minutes—they are really two stories, "Sun, Sea, and Sand" and "King of the Sea"—deal with the affairs of a rich American community in the British West Indies. A Pirate Night dance that almost ends in an unresolvable scandal and the neurotic sensitivity of one of the wealthier families to a supposed fortune-hunter, the respective themes of the stories, are presented with such sureness of characterization and such satirical consistency that it is hard to think of any contemporary man of letters who would be unhappy to have written them.

Yet this is how Mr. Marquand disposes of his feat: "I once thought when I wrote these stories that at last, after thirty and more years of endeavor, I had solved the problem of writing a story that the readers of a popular magazine might enjoy and yet a story that a few critics might take seriously. I was wrong. These last efforts of mine in the field of short fiction were greeted by editors with restrained enthusiasm. If I must continue to buy shoes for the baby and if I want to keep a few friends, I must make an effort to find a happier vein."

THE frankness of this admission deserves praise but not so its balancing of convenience against integrity. Even if we could believe that Mr. Marquand was being pushed to the wall by his shoemaker and his friends, we should still hold it against him that he speaks more in justification than in apology.

To compare the sketches that comprise *Life at Happy Knoll*, the "happier vein," with their predecessors, the Mulligatawny stories, is to be struck by Mr. Marquand's ability to write to imposed, or, in this case, to self-imposed order. It is not only that the structure of the earlier work has been leveled as too elaborate but that its satirical content has been reduced as too pointed.

Take the question of names. Mulligatawny Club was quite esoteric. How desirably common is Happy Knoll Country Club. And locale. Surely the

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British West Indies were alien. How back-to-home is suburban America. And didn't the old group somehow run afoul of prejudices? A cousin Mary holding her husband in unmasculine servitude, or a Jason Meredith scorning an upstanding American as suitor for his daughter's hand, might have just affronted people of lesser incomes. How right then to drop such tangential figures from the roster of Happy Knoll, and incidentally to show that owners of firms and twenty-thousand-a-year executives have money problems as everybody else has.

Even minor characters have been chipped to scale. Old Zaccheus, who presided at Mulligatawny's bar and knew to a finger the alcohol capacity of those before him, has given way to Old Ned, who is prone to put ginger ale in the old-fashioneds. This is no casual change. It implies a motivational researcher's awareness that ineptitude is superior to efficiency for getting across folksiness. A similar subtlety appears in the adding of Old Tim and Benny Muldoon to the ensemble at Happy Knoll. Not to make too fine a point, are they not, over and above such fitness as they have as locker room attendant and golf pro, naturals for exploiting some of the cosy peeves displayed by club gentlemen?

What this all comes to is that Mr. Marquand's earlier and wider-angled vision has narrowed. In terms of creation, he has focused on something smaller, something with the limited actuality of a Mr. Moto opus. This judgment, interestingly enough, is supported by the narrative forms in question. The Mulligatawny fictions were told in the first person. That the person involved was not Mr. Marquand but a character for whom he was narrator did not alter the effect of the narrating: it was freely autobiographic in temper and went to whatever limit it had to—even to that of betrayal, as it might seem to those "few friends" whom Mr. Marquand speaks of keeping. That danger is averted in the present stories. The form is epistolary; it is mannered, discreet. Though it allows a maximum of recognition with a minimum of untoward identification, it still holds back a good deal. In brief, it skirts reality, as all vetted art will, precisely because it is too controlled, too much interested in partial victory.

Animadversions notwithstanding, *Life at Happy Knoll* has some merits. It is readable; it is idiosyncratic. One might even concede that, in a quietly mutinous way, it points the finger at upper-bracket Babbitts in a particularly typical setting. But its derisive exposition of such activities as hunting for members, raising money, putting up with over-privileged delinquents, mollifying antagonistic souls, etc. is unsatisfactory in a deeper sense. The fact is that Mr. Marquand's gentlemanlikeness vitiates his intended censure. He attacks, but never to the limit.

Who is a Radical?

AMERICAN RADICALS: Some Problems and Personalities. Edited by Harvey Goldberg. Monthly Review Press. 308 pp. $5.

Walter B. Rideout

IT IS an occupational vice of reviewers to condemn a book for not being the one they themselves are too lazy or incompetent to write. So I shall only mention my hope that someone somewhere is at work on a comprehensive history of American radicalism, and then point out that Mr. Goldberg has wisely decided to exploit the advantages of the symposium method while trying to guard against its risks. The major advantage is that we get sixteen studies of a wide variety of American radicals or aspects of radicalism by fifteen qualified men, no one of whom would be likely to produce by himself such different but first-rate essays as those by John Lydenberg on Theodore Dreiser, William Appleman Williams on Charles A. Beard, and William Preston on the "Ideology and Techniques of Repression."

The major risk is disorganization, which the editor meets in part by grouping the essays under six heads, including "Attacks on Privilege" (Henry Demarest Lloyd and Robert M. LaFollette) and "For the Brotherhood of Workers" (Debs, Haywood, De Leon). The individual essays are further linked through an introduction by Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Williams entitled "Throughts About American Radicalism." Its greatest contribution is a shrewd analysis of the inhibiting effects on American radicalism of our "expansionist philosophy of history." By re-examining the failures and successes of past American radicals, this book hopes to clarify the possibilities for future radical generations.

Not surprisingly, the quality of the essays is uneven. A few seem to be simply condensations of already-known secondary sources, but most make a real effort to say something new. Bert Cochran, for example, defends Debs's agitation for dual unionism and his opposition to a labor party, while Arthur Davis persuasively asserts the closeness of Veblen to the Marxian tradition.

TWO weaknesses of the book should be pointed out. First, the definition of "radical," as explicitly set forth by Mr. Goldberg, Mr. Williams and Mr. Russell Fraser, produces contradictions in editorial practice. To say that a radical is one dedicated to "a way of life humanitarian in the best sense, because it entails the most entire, the most reckless in point of self-interest, indeed the most fanatic, consecration to the common weal," is well enough, though it is pretty inclusive; but each of the three writers also insists that a radical is "steadfast" toward principle, in contrast to the liberal, who, they aver, is almost always a trimmer who sacrifices principle to expediency. Because of this definition, perhaps, the book includes Altgeld and LaFollette—they were men who manifestly did not sacrifice principle to expediency. But from any other viewpoint, they were liberals, not radicals. In order to build a movement in America, future radicals will need

WALTER B. RIDEOUT, author of The Radical Novel in the United States, 1900-1954, *teaches English at Northwestern University. He has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for a study of Sherwood Anderson.*

Desert Soliloquy

No grass cushion here for the fogs
To rest on in the sage,

No clouds climb down here
To nest in the sands,

And no hood of the white darkness
From below or from above

Darkens the earth or mind—
—Did you say *mind?*

A guest here for just one season
What do you know

About the treacherous, false
Veil of the outer peace

Lightly, innocently dressing
The desert night

But at times submerging your mind
In more fogs

Than sea may force in the fall
Through the Golden Gate?

JOSEPH MARTINEK

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to think through more closely than this their relation to liberals, both in definition and in practice.

This leads to my second objection, the omissions. Considering the consistent strain of philosophic anarchism in American thought, it is at least odd that no such figure as Thoreau or Emma Goldman is included. Much more important, however, is the omission of any representative of the American Communist Party. Historically the Communist Party was at the center of American radicalism from about 1930 to 1950. Further, a major task for a future radical movement is to find ways of avoiding the same ideological impasse, the same isolation from American realities, which has afflicted that organization.

Despite these objections, *American Radicals* is an honest attempt to reassess a significant part of America's history. For all their limitations, both personal and environmental, Debs and Haywood (radicals), Altgeld and La-Follette (liberals) were giants in their day. Where are the giants in ours?

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

CONSIDER the plot and structure of *The Merchant of Venice* (American Shakespeare Festival; Stratford, Conn.). There is the story of Antonio, the merchant, whose assets lie in the cargo of his ships. To Antonio comes his friend Bassanio, a charming ne'er-do-well, to borrow money to finance his courtship of the gilded heiress Portia. Antonio is eager to aid his friend but he has no available cash. He must borrow it from Shylock, who, being outside the rules of the Christian church, is permitted to lend money at interest. Antonio hates Shylock because he is a Jew, which to this Christian is synonymous with usury; Shylock hates Antonio because he is a Christian, synonymous in this instance with a man who despises him for his trade—the only one open to him if he is to be the economic equal of the Christian.

There follows the famous bargain in which Antonio's guaranty for the money borrowed is a pound of his own flesh. Antonio accepts the deal because he is sure he can repay the loan, and Shylock proposes it as a "merry sport" or an act of contempt. We know how Portia manages in the end to crush Shylock.

That is one story. The other is the sentimental comedy of Bassanio's wooing and winning of Portia. This is frivolous and gay, played against the sunny opulence of renaissance Venice.

The problem for the director and the company which present *The Merchant* is to make a meaningful whole of the play's two aspects. It is true that in Shakespeare's time the Antonio-Shylock conflict was something between farce and melodrama because a Jew hadn't been seen in England for several generations and Shylock could be treated as a sort of laughable demon. Still there is the stirring eloquence, the pithy irony of Shylock's speeches: "Hath not a Jew eyes," etc.

So the question remains: aside from the beautiful language, the great quotes, the opportunities for histrionic exercise, what sort of *play* is *The Merchant?* The question applies in varying degrees to most of Shakespeare's works, and I might say that, in view of the manner in which Shakespeare is usually produced in England as well as in America, most of Shakespeare is dramatically bewildering and his glorious work should be left for reading.

This, however, is only my irritated opinion! My poised opinion is that Shakespeare did actually write *plays*—and if they ordinarily seem more like exhibitions of fabulous literary and spectacular wares than the projection of real dramatic ideas, the fault rests in our Anglo-American theatrical Shakespeare tradition which sets all the materials before us, tells tall tales (not always coherently) and leaves them on the stage scattered and unconvincing as living drama.

I WROTE an interpretation of *The Merchant* for *The Nation* when it was given at the City Center with Luther Adler as Shylock. What I suggested was that Shakespeare, living in a world that first made the money economy a central historical and psychological factor, wrote a play in which a society heedlessly enjoying the fruits of wealth begins to show the signs of corruption through money.

The rich Christians who gambol and luxuriate in *The Merchant* live a lush life utterly unaware of the means by which their pleasure is supported. They have wealth but they despise money. The Jew's presence makes money ghoulishly real to them. And the Jew, forced to live by traffic in money, hates the Christians for making his livelihood a mark of shame. Thus Shylock, as I previously wrote, is "the poisoned conscience of Venice." He is corrupt with hate, and thus must remain a "black" figure; as Antonio, Bassanio and his playfellows are corrupt in the thoughtlessness—carefree, smiling and spoilt—of their hedonism. The play's fifth act, which would be superfluous if Shylock alone embodied the whole point of the plot, simply shows the "easy life" of Venice continuing when all concern with Shylock has been erased.

I am not saying that this is the "correct" interpretation, or the only possible one. I am saying that it is an interpretation which can be translated into specific stage terms. To do this, however, as in all truly created plays in the theatre, every element—the characterization, setting, by-play, costuming and music—must in some way stem from and contribute to the central dramatic idea.

If this does not happen at the Festi-

Snake

Goya-grotesque, she changes to a snake
in deeds as sinuous as her cunning is,
coiling to wait, or stumbled on in grass,
hisses her fanged interior and flits,
thin as a black thread, her tongue exuding venom.

You may have touched a strange stick in a brake
that oozed its spots, then seen its slitted eyes—
she hides like that, watching with yellow beads
to sicken victims at a break of leaf,
inclusive nature her huge camouflage.

She slides as easily as oil on glass,
elusive lamia less observed than sensed,
and darkly writhes, the snake of ignorance
twining truth's tree, unlike that shimmering pimp
of abstract apples who inspired Adam.

HAROLD WITT

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val Theatre in Connecticut, it is no exception to the general rule of our Shakespearean productions. Motley's costumes are pretty, the scenic arrangement is delicately attractive, and most of the speech is happily audible, though often too deliberate. Katharine Hepburn looks lovely, and in general no one can complain of the cast. Morris Carnovsky makes a traditional but a sound Shylock, clear in the intent of every word, visually arresting and nearly always impressive. (His mad caper of joy when he hears of Antonio's ill luck is striking and right.) He is a thoroughgoing professional. But he stands isolated.

THE prettiness of the production is not thematically related to an articulated intention. It is prettiness for its own sake. The roistering of the young Venetians is a juvenile romping: it is not used to set off the grimness of Shylock's plight. Venice of the sixteenth century—think of its painters and palazzos and what they portended of the extreme material sumptuousness and energy of bourgeois Europe of which Shakespeare was one of the supreme flowers and skeptics—is not even indicated. All has become dainty.

Katharine Hepburn's Portia is a coy debutante in a lesser *Philadelphia Story*. But why shouldn't she be? Has the production any basic form in which her Portia or any of the other roles can play their respective parts?

I dislike being in a position of seeming to discourage any one from seeing a production by the American Shakespeare Festival. Since no one, fortunately perhaps, will heed my advice to call off all theatre Shakespeare for ten years while our theatre folk take time to think it over, I am glad that Shakespeare may be seen in so pleasant an institution as the theatre at Stratford.

I cannot say, for example, that I wasted my time at the *Othello* production. My criticism of it is fundamentally the same as my criticism of *The Merchant*, except that *Othello*, having a more compact story line, is easier to assess in its continuity. The Connecticut *Othello* is clearer in speech than any of the other productions I have seen there and can be fairly described as an intelligent reading of the play—and what magnificence there is in that! But I cannot call this seemly entertainment a theatrical presentment of Shakespeare's wildly sensuous, gigantically febrile and tempestuous tragedy.

I admire the devotion and hospitable intelligence of the company which plays at the Festival Theatre. I would enjoin them and their directors, as I would all who undertake the similarly formidable task, to remember that Shakespeare, for all his exquisite gentleness, was part of his times. As such he was not merely a poet-dramatist of inordinate power, but, from the puny standpoint of our day, was uncouth, savage and bloody to a horrific degree—shocking the liberal-minded Voltaire to the roots of his classical hair—an extravagant giant beside whose imprecations, blasphemies and defiance of the proprieties of state and religion, the outcries of our contemporary American rebels are as the gurglings of babes.

LETTER FROM AMSTERDAM

Frank J. Warnke

AT THE Metropolitan's last performance of *The Rake's Progress* in 1954, a young man in front of me turned to his young lady with the laughing observation that he hadn't heard any tunes. It would be easy to dismiss the young man as tone deaf, since the score of *The Rake* is a blaze of melody from beginning to end. But what of the journalistic critics in all parts of the world who have dismissed it as "intellectual," "cold," and "derivative"? The young man in New York had been unable to hear Stravinsky's melodies because of his naive assumption that "modern" music is cacophonous; perhaps many critics suffer from a similar spiritual deafness, a perverse notion that, since Stravinsky is a master of technique, he must be incapable of writing an operatic score of warmth and universality.

But some of the hostile criticism of the opera can be explained by the fact that it has seldom received a production which does full credit to the beauty of its music, the brilliance of its libretto and the complexity of its total impact. The Metropolitan production of 1952-54 was hampered by stiff action, diffuse direction and a conventional prettiness of staging. The production which opened this year's Holland

FRANK J. WARNKE, who has been teaching English at Yale, is in Europe for a year as a Morse fellow. Mr. Warnke is a regular contributor to Opera News.

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Festival, on the other hand, was an almost complete triumph. The director, the young Englishman Peter Potter, imposed a consistent elegance and unity of style on both stage movement and stage picture, and under his shaping intelligence the work assumed the dimensions implicit in its text. The conductor, Erich Leinsdorff, gave the score a reading in which predominantly fast tempi never obstructed a sensitive exploration of the complex orchestral texture.

Potter feels that the essence of *The Rake's Progress* is an ambiguity of tone rooted both in Auden's wittily tragic libretto and in Stravinsky's Mozartean fusion of *opera buffa* and *opera seria*. His handling of the brothel scene in Act I typifies his understanding of this ambiguity. The whores and roaring boys are figures of bawdy comedy—but, simultaneously, damned souls whose mirthless revelry is underscored by a lighting suggestive of Milton's Hell. In such a context both the wit and the blasphemy of Tom's libertine catechism gain impact. At the same time, the scene has a Hogarthian realism unlike anything in the Met's *Rake*. The ladies of the Metropolitan chorus, nice girls all, had shown the shrill archness of Vassar girls pretending to be naughty; the Amsterdam ladies, equally nice girls, gave their portrayal a disturbing authenticity. The achievement of director and chorus alike is the more remarkable when one remembers that the members of the chorus were singing in a language not their own, under a director who speaks no Dutch.

I SUSPECT that Potter also deserves a share of praise for the astonishing growth in the acting abilities of Eugene Conley as Tom Rakewell. In New York five years ago Conley showed a command of Stravinsky's idiom but made no attempt at dramatic realization. In Amsterdam, surprisingly, he sketched the rake's progress and decline in a sequence of convincing postures—from the amiably weak young man of Act I, through the disillusioned existentialist of Act II, to the abject, crouched figure in the graveyard scene with the devil in Act III. He gained a corresponding increase in musical expressiveness. The great Act I aria, "Love, my sorrow and my shame," had passion and remorse, and his singing of the ballad tune when he first awakes to his madness in Act III was done in a crazy quasi-falsetto which was far more effective than the full-voice with which he took the scene in New York.

As Nick Shadow, Ottokar Kraus blended the diabolic with the witty, and Mimi Aarden, despite occasional overacting in the prima donna tradition, gave Baba the Turk an eccentric vigor. In the New York production Hilde Gueden, as Ann Truelove, had provided the loveliest moments, and it is high praise to say that Graziella Sciutti equaled her in Amsterdam. Sciutti, a young soprano of the Piccola Scala in Milan, has a fine airy voice fully equal to the taxing arias of the role.

Kenneth Green's sets, which, in their slightly off-center realism, matched both Stravinsky's music and Potter's conception of movement, reminded one that intelligence and sensitivity are worth any quantities of bigness and busyness. The madhouse scene in Act III proved eloquently that a small stage need be no detriment to imaginative decor. It is in this scene, though, that I disagree with Potter's interpretation. Throughout Ann's beautiful lullaby to the mad Tom, a grotesque figure in the background makes flapping gestures with his arms. The libretto at this point, however, makes it clear that Ann's voice has brought a temporary sanity to the very heart of Bedlam. A motionless stage would have been better.

But the objection is a small one. The Holland Festival has given *The Rake's Progress* a production worthy of what is perhaps the finest opera of the last twenty years.

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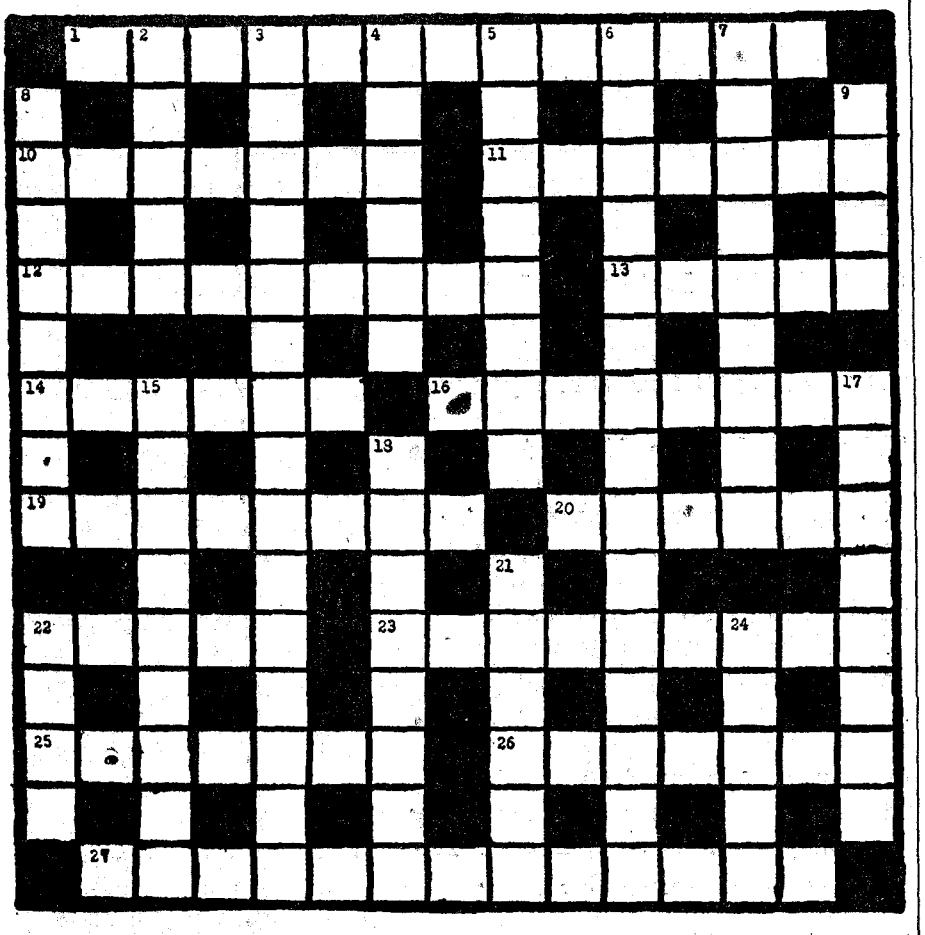
Crossword Puzzle No. 733

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The way a sun-tan's built, it might not be long-lasting. (13)
10 In this manner strings are combined with consoles. (7)
11 Wanting to produce designs in the heavens? (7)
12 This way of speaking is strange. (9)
13 He "walked with God." (5)
14 What men in exile feed on, according to Aeschylus. (6)
16 Deep-headed? (3-5)
19 Regretted being enclosed in grass. (8)
20 Does this writer provide an alternative to good? (6)
22 Obviously this town has far to go! (5)
23 Malign. (9)
25 The way Caesar came with the boy and a saddle, perhaps. (7)
26 The tie is broken, with a certain amount to do it again. (7)
27 Iris-colored? (13)

DOWN:

2 Evidently there are a lot of rivers in Ohio. (5)
3 Our uncle is money crazy, to put it rather abruptly. (15)
4 Commonly little relative, and relative to a bird. (6)
5 Apportioned in the manner subscribed. (8)
6 Gay songs, at least originally! (3, 7, 5)
7 He probably doesn't like accompaniment to come from the antechoir. (9)
8 He might be used to deep red nails. (8)
9 Indian maid. (4)
15 Tears open the tongue, but it's not exactly natural. (9)
17 Do they protect a gal's hose, more or less? (8)
18 Ditch things again? You're not expanding if you do. (8)
21 Dye plant. (6)
22 Fie! If absent, the same number might be present. (4)
24 Took a picture of an animal hiding there? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 732

ACROSS: 1 CONVERTIBLE; 9 WINIFRED; 10 SADDER; 12 ADHERES; 14 HECKLE; 15 and 11 PERSONAL PRONOUN; 17 DOWNCAST; 20 DUDLEY; 22, 4 and 27 THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER; 24 BUGABOO; 26 STYMIE; 28 INVESTITURE. DOWN: 2 ONIONSKIN; 3 VIRGULE; 5 INSIDER; 6 LODGE; 7 PIERCE; 8 GENERA; 13 SPITE; 16 OLD MASTER; 18 OPHITE; 19 AUSTERE; 20 DRUGGET; 21 EPODES; 23 LEMON; 25 STET.

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